

THE CRITIC

OF BOOKS, SOCIETY, PICTURES, MUSIC, AND DECORATIVE ART:

A JOURNAL FOR READERS, AUTHORS, ARTISTS, PUBLISHERS, AND ART-MANUFACTURERS.

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THE CRITIC.

THE STATE OF POETRY IN THIS COUNTRY,

AND WHETHER WE ARE TO CONSIDER THE PRESENT AS THE TIME OF ITS EXODUS.

HERE are two important considerations.—The first involving almost as occult a problem as the last, and both exhibiting a very cheerless character. A person much versed in the literary question, not in the abstract as we have put it, but in the wide sense of its continuous relations, such as it is now occupying many thoughtful minds, will see more to fear than to hope in the auguries around him. Still, as we have said, the present, as well as the future, is problematical in the case. Although the one has a dreary aspect, and the other an ominous forecast. Apprehensions are definite, and hopes indefinite,—the one positive, the other possible, and anchored upon nothing more substantial than our uncertainty. We do not know what the state of Poetry really is; i.e. we do not know what amount of genius exists unaccredited. It is doubtless considerable; but then we cannot argue from it. We do not know how much of it may reveal itself; nor what may be, from one cause and another, its ultimate value. It is not available data,—it is but a hopeful hypothesis. Besides, there is a cloud upon this unknown genius—a cloud which already has hid much light. Who can tell, in days like these, which shall triumph, the light or the cloud? Yet we joyfully give our hypothesis its fair place in the question. We do not know what the state of Poetry is in this sense. But there is another sense in which the state of Poetry in this country is manifest.

Some quarter of a century back we could have boasted of eleven poets,—BYRON, SHELLEY, KEATS, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, SOUTHEY, MOORE, ROGERS, CAMPBELL, BURNS, and SCOTT. It would be invidious to mention a name or two that we might place in array with some of these. But the greater constellations of this extraordinary galaxy are unreplaced, and the popular sense of Poetry suffers a certain numbness which perhaps only awaits reaction—the kindling inspiration of some fresh ascendant, but which in the mean time offers a cold and obstructed horizon, singularly unpropitious to its rising. Altogether the change is immense, and presents a deep inquiry to a mind capable of grasping it and working it out (with the necessarily involved question, Is the absence of high poetic excellence the cause or the result of its depressed estimation?) logically and etiologically.

It is one of the social marks of the present day to disbelieve in poetry—to talk of it as something superlative and external—as something abstract and dreamy, not suited to the times. The times, we are told, are practical, serious, busy times—times of action and arithmetic. Men are taken up with the earnest facts of life. Poetry is out of the question. Yet Poetry moulded the Past, and the Future will not any better be able to do without it. The Present, however, believes that it can. The Present delights especially in Prose—riding through a landscape by railway, is a genuine illustration of its intercourse with the Beautiful. It views all things with a commercial reference, and enjoys even its recreations in a prudent manner, like the excellent economy of Mrs. GILPIN—

Who though on pleasure she was bent,
Still had a frugal mind.

Every thing is to be *useful*, that is one of the dogmas of the day. Poetry is supposed to be merely ornamental. Its real mission, however, has always been to teach, since the time when it was first struck forth among the unlettered deserts of the East by the wand of the prophets. But this is overlooked because Utilitarianism is the dominant spirit, and Utilitarianism is entirely sensual, and can believe in nothing but what is manifest. It is the great antagonist of the ideal—that veiled apparition of beauty which has led men on to their noblest efforts, and sometimes to perfection. Poetry is regarded as a sort of superfluity; people say they cannot afford luxuries,—that is, intellectual luxuries we suppose, for all others they can and do afford in the last extreme. We think that these are bad signs of the times. Prognostics of evil to come, as well as come. We wish, as the amiable Emperor CALIGULA wished of his people, that they had one head, and that we could destroy it at one blow. For the subject involves much that we have not attempted to enter upon. It is a question of statistics and ethics, as well as of art and literature; involving not alone the development of language and intellect, but the ultimate impressions of social economy. It is a question teeming and thrilling with the interests of posterity, insignificant as it appears to be considered; and it is wonderful that it should be considered insignificant, since the consequence to literature and art is immediate and ostensible and on the very surface.

With these views of the subject, and we are not afraid to defy their controversion—we are, we confess, surprised to find reviewers repeating on all sides that Poetry is passed away with an emphasis and impatience which hardly would be augmented if “the wish was father to the thought.” Poetry is spiritual and cannot pass away. It can however leave a country, and has done so memorably and historically, if we trace its steps. It has moved over the face of the earth in spirit of divine power, and majestic tranquillity. It brooded over the moral chaos at the first, creating and quickening and sanctifying. Illuminating with the shadow of its bright and solemnising wing the entire world. It is a striking and significant fact that each country which its presence has most distinguished and from which it has departed is now politically and socially a ruin. Like the star of Judah it arose in the east, and disappeared to shine again in the kingdoms of the west. The Hebrews were the first and the greatest poets, and now we do not know that there is “one among them.” The Greeks were the next;—and here what thoughts crowd that we must not set down of Grecian song—and Grecian art and glory which grew from it—of names still the stars of the earth shining through the darkness of centuries. Greece rose in an atmosphere of Poetry, her cities and temples and gardens were bathed in it as in the blue air of her islands; but what now is Poetry to Greece but a memory hanging like a sunset above her ruins. The Romans were the next, and with them Poetry might have been thought to have folded her wing to rest, so long was the lapse before the notes which awoke in the fields of Mantua began to die in the dungeon of Tasso, but now

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more.

Our own case comes next* almost the highest in the scale; for we can beat both Greece and

* We do not forget, or make light of the high claims of the Poetry of other countries, contemporary with, and perhaps even precedent of, our own. We remember that to Normandy most probably belongs the distinction of the origin of modern poetry. But ours is a parallel case. Germany we altogether omit; her Poetry is too young to be entered on the list, otherwise it might take a high place indeed.

Italy, all, but inspired Israel, with our array of Poets. Must time fulfil in our case the moral of analogy? BYRON's verse involuntary suggests to us the speculation (we intend no plagiarism of Mr. O'CONNELL's Apocalypse of “The Enlightened New Zealander”) will some future poet of some rising nation, or (why not?) regenerating Italy, lament in England the lost echoes of the lays of BYRON, with some such mournful sympathy as he sung of those of the bard of the “Jerusalem.” This is what we *must* come to if the second proposition of our argument is to be answered by affirmation. So reviewers, as a body, answer it. So the reader's bookseller would answer it, if he were to make the inquiry, with the sensitive apprehension that he had the manuscript of a particular friend in his pocket, and with a nervous retrospect of many shelves already “groaning with the weight of the feast.” The only persons concerned who would not so answer it, are the public. The public, as individuals, profess themselves fond of Poetry, many prefix the adverb passionately, and most would consider their intellectuality called in question by a doubt of the fact. Here is an enigma which might have saved the life of the Sphinx had it occurred in her generation.

But we must deduce from the circumstance of no one being forward to acknowledge his want of poetic apprehensions, that it would be thought the sign of a low standing in intellect, and shortcomings in taste, discreditable even to an individual, and which consequently must be eminently so to a nation: on the other hand, if any one were to assert that he had no feeling for Poetry, we believe no person would think *the better* of him; we, for our part, should not look for very high qualifications of any sort in that quarter, we should not grudge his society to any body who might desire it; we should have mental misgivings, amounting to the possibility that he might turn out rather a dead weight. In short, we should not be smitten with an inclination to cultivate his acquaintance. We cannot consent at present to subscribe to the repeated assertion that our country has made this unpropitious and ungraceful announcement. We think, however, that modern society has,—modern society in all its ramifications of politicians, railway contractors, monopolists, reviewers, and penny-a-liners.

We shall conclude these remarks by confirming them retrospectively. One result we find indisputably resolved from them. The state of Poetry in this country appears to be at its last ebb; our great names of the last generation are unreplaced; either our Poetry is exhausted, or it cannot make itself heard above the tide of business and luxury, and the din and turmoil raised against it. Either there is little Poetry, or people dislike it so much that publishers cannot afford to bring it forward. In the one event this seems the period of its Exodus; in the other, something should be done at once to revive and to restore; in either, stimulation is indispensable. Does not the State possess a stake in the subject sufficient to make it worth its while to do all it can do respecting it? (all of which *remains to be done*), since the fall of Poetry must herald that of the arts, which hitherto has heralded that of nations.

The State's neglect of literature (the assertion is less sweeping than the neglect) has done much to ruin letters. But there is a class whose share in the responsibility is large. We shall return to the subject.

A. M. L.

"In the best weekly reviews the public do not expect elaborate criticism—the object of the reviewer is novelty, arrangement, amusement—he wishes to give faithful accounts (which he generally does by extracts) of new publications; and doubtless this, after all, is the proper and exact duty of weekly reviews. Elaborate criticism is seldom light reading; and though the public might once a quarter, they certainly would not once a week permit themselves to be seriously instructed. Yet altogether the reviews in the best weekly publications are considerably fairer and truer than those in the quarterlies; and in nine times out of ten produce a greater influence on the sale of the book."—*BELWAS.*

JOURNAL OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

HISTORY.

Recollections of Republican France from 1790 to 1801. By J. G. MILLINGEN, M.A., M.D., &c. London: Colburn.

A Letter to Lord Lansdowne on the French Revolution. By HENRY LORD BROUGHAM.

DOCTOR MILLINGEN is a narrator, Lord BROUGHAM a commentator. The volume of the one is simply a collection of personal reminiscences of the first French Republic,—the scenes actually witnessed by the writer; the other is an attempt to trace the origin and anticipate the failure of the second French Republic. Each is interesting at this time, the former for its facts, the latter for its philosophy, and therefore we not inaptly combine them in the same notice.

Dr. MILLINGEN, as being for the most part anecdotal, can only be introduced by extracts, for the volume has no pretension to repute for any remarkable qualities as a composition. It was not his business to play the part of teacher; he professes to be nothing more than a chronicler.

But LORD BROUGHAM has higher aims. He seeks at once to vilify the French Republic and its authors, and to defend himself against the torrent of ridicule that was poured upon him from all sides at the memorable exhibition of more than even his characteristic versatility in abusing the Republic within a week after he had applied to be admitted a citizen of it and *been refused*. The learned Lord strives hard to explain this away; but without success; for the facts are too plain to be mystified by any sophistry. It was a melancholy exposure, but it will have its uses, if not upon him, upon others who might be tempted to imitate his duplicity, or his malice.

Shallowness is the character of this essay, and it is proved at the very beginning, for LORD BROUGHAM at once assumes that there was no other cause for the revolution than the accidents that converted a political dinner into a street row. But however an accident may produce an explosion like that, accidents do not lay the train for it, or dig the mine that blows the edifice into the air. A nation is not suddenly brought to *permit* a revolution. It may be, and probably it was, that the immediate causes of the days of February were the result of accident; but accident would not have dismissed LOUIS PHILIPPE in a cab, and suffered the vacant reins of government to be seized by the first dozen men who offered themselves, had it not been that the rest of the people had become averse to the system of government under which they lived, and therefore permitted its overthrow, even though they would not personally assist in its expulsion.

The reason why the April of England exhibited so different a result from the February of France, was simply that here the bulk of the community were upon the whole satisfied with their government, while there the people were indignant with it. If the middle classes of Paris had shewn the same zeal for the defence of the throne as did the citizens of London, the revolution could not have been accomplished; and they did not so, because they felt that the government had betrayed them.

LORD BROUGHAM, however, will have it that the people of France had no right to complain of the conduct of LOUIS PHILIPPE and GUIZOT. What! Can any reasonable man justify them in staking the peace of the country upon a Quixotic resolve not to concede a reform of the representation? They must have known well that as it was constituted in France it was a mockery and an insult to any people professing to be free—the ridicule of Europe. They must have known well that the mind of France was bent upon a fairer franchise;—they must have been conscious that in itself it was a just demand. It appears as if they were moved only by the foolish pride not to yield because it was asked for. In vain the friends of order entreated them to concede something—knowing the consequences of refusal; they preferred to keep all or lose all; they hazarded the stake and *lost*, and that is the History of the Revolution of 1848.

There is another palpable failing in this pamphlet. LORD BROUGHAM is not fair in the distribution either of his censures or of his applause. He does not view with the same leniency the faults of the monarchy and those of the republic. Excuses are largely made for every error of the former; but for the errors of the latter there is no mercy, as if they were to be tried by different standards of right and wrong, and more tenderness was due to a King than to a President—to a Prime Minister than to a Member of a Provisional Government. He does not make due allowance for the difficulties in which the latter were placed: he does not take circumstances into account. This is, as we are aware, by no means an uncommon weakness with historians, philosophers, and statesmen; but it is not the less an error, nor the less to be condemned where it appears.

It would not be within our province to follow LORD BROUGHAM through his elaborate argument; but we take a single specimen of its contents,—a curious fact incidentally stated.

THE PARLIAMENTS OF VIENNA AND BERLIN.

I have seen a curious page of statistics in the hands of some German friends, who must be well informed on a subject that interests them so nearly. It was an account of the elections for some of the provinces that send members to the Vienna Assembly. Universal suffrage, untried universal suffrage, was the canon of election; and its results were so different from those which it had produced in France, that one could not avoid being deeply struck with the danger of transferring any political institution from country to country, and the mischiefs occasioned by want of political experience, in the conduct of public affairs. Of about three hundred deputies chosen, not half a dozen were what we should call gentlemen, in condition and in education. Many of the peasants elected were proprietors to a small extent,—an inferior kind of yeomanry. There was a column for the members that could read and write; it was but indifferently filled; the column of mere readers was better supplied with figures; of the wholly ignorant there was a fair proportion, almost enough to have satisfied my misguided and worthy friend, the late Minister of Public Instruction, in his zeal against education considered as an accomplishment of lawgivers. The peasants are represented to be men tolerably well informed for their station, and on subjects connected with their calling and rank in life, but whose ideas reach no higher than the parish steeple, or further than the bounds of that humble district. "But how," saith the wise man, "how can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours; and whose talk is of bullocks?" Yet to such men so appointed is committed the greatest of tasks on which mortal man can be employed; not the holding of the plough, but of the lawgiver's pen; and their talk is to be not of bullocks, but of the highest matters

that can occupy the human mind,—the forming of a constitution! That this talk would be strange to those simple beings, were they able to communicate with one another, is certain; but how will it be now, when being assembled in the same place, they are found not to speak in the same tongue—when at least eighty out of three hundred present use the Slavonian, which no German understands, and are unable to comprehend a word of the Saxon, which alone the German speaks? Yet so it is, and such is the result of universal suffrage transplanted to the Austrian dominions, which, unlike France, knew nothing of any suffrage before. At Berlin a somewhat similar Chamber has been collected by a similar, but less extended right of voting. I find the following to be the enumeration, which I have from a source of the highest credit:—Of the four hundred members, sixty are of classes fit to choose representatives, considerable landowners, dignified and beneficed clergy, judges of supreme courts, merchants, and manufacturers of note; men of letters, lawyers of reputation; these sixty form an important, but a small body. No less than 260 are petty lawyers and attorneys, inferior judges, or rather justices, curates, subordinate teachers, small tradesmen and manufacturers. About eighty are common day-labourers. There may be nearly the same number of men who have some property, and as many who can write but very indifferently, being persons who have no education. I am little surprised, and less edified, to have from the same high authority, an account which leaves little doubt how large a part faction and the spirit of political adventure is likely to play in this Prussian Constituent Assembly. There is a Conservative body, or *Droite* of about 130; a Republican, or *Gauche*, of 110; a Moderate, or *Centre*, of 100. These sections are marshalled under leaders eager to play the most unprincipled and selfish game of faction, with all its headlong violence, all its profligate jobbing, all its unscrupulous intrigue. Not more than sixty of the whole are persons of no party, and who may be appealed to on behalf of the public interests with any chance of the appeal being heard. Here, again, we see the effects of a novel state of political existence. In no established government could men be so marshalled—at least, never in anything like the same proportions. It may safely be affirmed that, to carry on any administration in such a state of the governing body, without anything like a majority attached to one principle more than another, is politically, if not morally impossible.

We turn now to the volume of Dr. MILLINGEN, which abounds in curious and entertaining matter, and from which therefore we shall quote freely, especially as it possesses a peculiar interest at this time.

Here are some of the

SCENES OF THE REVOLUTION.

The *sainte guillotine* had also her hymns and her anthems, and in the Place de la Revolution were booths and exhibitions of all kinds, with rope-dancing, and puppet-shows, where *polichinelle* cut off the head of an aristocrat, amidst shouts of laughter. I have already mentioned that every effort was made, during that fearful period, to demoralise the country. Immoral books were circulated at the most trifling price, and the galleries of the Palais Royal, then Palais de l'Egalité, were crowded every night by a dense mass of abandoned women and ruffians; amongst the latter, the soldiers of the *Armée Révolutionnaire* were the most conspicuous, from the brutality of their manners, and the coarseness of their language. They wore large worsted epaulettes, and bore the name of *Epauletiers*. Balls were open in every direction, and even at the windows of a third or fourth floor would be suspended an oiled paper lantern, with the word "*Bal*;" the police distributing free admissions to these receptacles of corruption, and, not unfrequently, orders for refreshment gratis. Such was the rabble here congregated, that over the doors of some of them was inscribed, "*Une mise décente est de rigueur, et les citoyennes sont invitées à laisser*

leur sabots à la porte." In these dens you witnessed nothing but unblushing obscenity, and every outrage on common decency. Of course these orgies often led to bloodshed. Most of the abandoned women who frequented them had their fancy men, whom they called *mon homme*, and as the fellows were, in general, good-looking ruffians, they not unfrequently became objects of jealousy, which led to a meeting with the infantry sword, or *briquet*, in the infantry, and the curved sabre, or *bancal*, in the cavalry. Civilians, or *Pékings*, mostly settled their differences by the *savatte*—a sort of pugilistic combat, in which each party endeavours to trip up and kick the other; or the double stick—*le bâton à deux bouts*, with which many of them were most dexterous. It is somewhat remarkable, that a great number of the favourites of the ladies were journey-men butchers, and, to the present day, these gentlemen are celebrated in Paris for their *bonnes fortunes* in that sphere of society. As to their other accomplishments, they were in the practice of giving a sound drubbing—what they, politely, termed *une rincée*—*une volée*—*une saboulade*—to their favourites, when they could not supply them with money, no matter how obtained or earned. This class, of both sexes, was known by a slang appellation, an expression that cannot be translated, but which conveys the idea of its bearers being the most barefaced and audacious vagabonds upon town.

In the fine season, these balls were transferred to the *Guinguettes* surrounding Paris, where the same indecency and contempt of all propriety prevailed, if possible, with a still more determined abandon, although to the credit of the society of that period, the modern *cancan* had not been introduced. These assemblies were usually called *Bastingués*, and each set was announced by a rude chorus of the cavaliers:—

"Mesdemoiselles, voulez vous danser?
V'là le Bastingué, qui va commencer."

the word *demoiselles* being, on such occasions, more distinguished than the common epithet of *citoyennes*. The refreshments usually consisted of beer, bad wine, and brandy, with *échaudés* and *broches*; the ladies generally paying *chopine* for their partners, or giving them the *goutte*, or a glass of brandy, technically called *du sacré chien tout pur*. Such were the amusements of the lower classes.—Their superiors frequented balls somewhat more *recherchées*, but equally *décoletés*; and *rouge et noir*, and *roulette*, were played in adjoining rooms. Here, scenes of violence and strife were also frequent; and each morning witnessed various meetings in the Bois de Boulogne, many of the duels taking place between fencing-masters, or *préôts de salle d'armes*, who sought to display their skill in what they called *un coup de malin*, similar to the celebrated *coup de Jarnac*. At the Luxembourg one of the prisoners corresponded with his disconsolate wife through a dog that always accompanied the servant that brought his food. One day the caresses of the animal were warmer than usual: he would not quit his master a moment; he barked and yelped, and rubbed his collar repeatedly against his hands and knees. His master, thinking it galled him, loosened it. A letter was pinned to the lining! The answer was transmitted by the same dumb messenger, who, while charged with the sacred trust, could not be approached: he growled at the turnkeys, and would have torn to pieces any stranger who durst attempt to seize him. The poor creature was soon punished for his fidelity. The wretched Henriot, who had once been a seller of *contre-marches*, or cheques, at the theatre, and was one of the most merciless and ferocious Jacobins of the day, ever glutted with blood and liquor, was then Commandant of Paris. One day in his inspectorial visits, he observed the suspicious appearance and conduct of the dear animal; and, sending for his master, accused him of aristocracy. "This cur, sir," he said, "has been taught by you to snarl and bark at Republicans, like the hounds that the perfidious English employed to hunt down their slaves; you have brought him to know the scent of a *sans culottes*, and made him insult the sovereignty of the people." So saying, he drew his sabre—two

of his brave staff followed his example, and, assisted by gendarmes, they attacked the unfortunate animal, which, after a desperate defence, fell, weltering in his blood, his dying looks fixed upon his distracted master, who, restrained by three or four ruffians, was compelled to witness the sad fate of his faithful companion and friend. Struggling with the guard, he endeavoured in vain to assist him, and in his impotent rage, poured forth his just indignation on the assassins. The letter was found in the collar. He was immediately transferred to the Conciergerie, tried by the Tribunal Révolutionnaire, and beheaded. His wife was also arrested for having corresponded clandestinely with her husband, to whom she was so speedily to be united in death. How fondly then must they have hoped that brutes (as they are called) possessed an immortal soul, that they might meet again, never more to part! Alas! in these dismal times those who lived were desirous to follow the objects of their affection. In the same prison was an amiable girl of the name of Beranger. Her father, her mother, and her younger sister were arrested: somehow or other she was not included in the roll of death. She tore her hair in frantic agony, and clung to her parents, exclaiming, "Shall we not die together?" A gendarme brought a fresh act of accusation. She was on the list; joy beamed in every feature; and, looking over the paper with as much delight as if it had been an order for her liberation, she embraced her mother, saying, "Mother, dear mother, I now shall perish with you!" Contented, she cut off her own luxuriant hair, and strove to soothe the agony of her aged parents as the cart of death slowly traversed the dense and atrocious populace of Paris, that rolled their angry waves around them, yelling like hyenas for their prey. Every execution was attended by a gang of furies, in the shape of women, who were called *les aboyeuses* and *les insulteuses* (the barkers and the insulters), from their loud and opprobrious vociferations. They not only accompanied the tumbrils of death to the scaffold, but would often cling to their wheels, while pouring forth the bitterest and the most obscene volleys of execration—spitting at the wretched victims, not being able to tear them to pieces in their demoniac rage; and it was more particularly young and beautiful martyrs that excited their malevolence. Each of these harpies received two francs a day.

Never can I forget the mournful appearance of these funeral processions to the place of execution. The march was opened by a detachment of mounted gendarmes—the carts followed; they were the same carts as those that are used in Paris for carrying wood; four boards were placed across them for seats, and on each board sat two and sometimes three victims; their hands were tied behind their backs, and the constant jolting of the cart made them nod their heads up and down, to the great amusement of the spectators. On the front of the cart stood Sanson, the executioner, or one of his sons or assistants; gendarmes on foot marched by the side; then followed a hackney-coach, in which was the *rapporteur* and his clerk, whose duty it was to witness the execution, and then return to Fouquier Tinville, the *accusateur public*, to report the execution of what they called the law. The process of execution was also a sad and heartrending spectacle. In the middle of the Place de la Révolution was erected a guillotine, in front of a colossal statue of Liberty, represented seated on a rock, a Phrygian cap on her head, a spear in her hand, the other reposing on a shield. On one side of the scaffold were drawn out a sufficient number of carts, with large baskets painted red, to receive the heads and bodies of the victims. Those bearing the condemned moved on slowly to the foot of the guillotine—the culprits were led out in turn, and, if necessary, supported by two of the executioner's valets, as they were formerly called, but now denominated *élèves de l'exécuteur des hautes œuvres de la justice*, but their assistance was rarely required. Most of these unfortunates ascended the scaffold with a determined step—many of them looked up firmly at the menacing instrument of death, beholding for the last time the rays of the glorious sun beaming on the polished axe; and I

have seen young men actually dance a few steps before they went up to be strapped to the perpendicular plane, which was then tilted to a horizontal plane in a moment, and ran on the grooves until the neck was secured and closed in by a moving board, when the head passed through what was called, in derision, *la lunette républicaine*; the weighty knife was then dropped with a heavy fall, and with incredible dexterity and rapidity two executioners tossed the body into the basket, while another threw the head after it. On many occasions when a celebrated victim was despatched, Citizen Sanson would seize the head by the hair, and hold it out, streaming with gushing blood, to the delighted public, who, on those occasions, would rend the air with the cries of "Vive la République!" whilst the gendarmes flourished their bright sabres. In the case of Charlotte Corday and some other noble personages the executioner would alap both the cheeks of the victim, to the great delight of the *peuple souverain*; many of them dissatisfied with the shortness both of the *spectacle* and the actor's suffering, and loudly demanding that Marat's ingenious proposal should be adopted—for this hideous monster, in the *Ami du Peuple*, of which he was editor, urged the expediency of adding to the sufferings of the aristocrats, by pouring hot oil in their ears, putting out their eyes with red hot irons, slitting their noses and tongues, tearing off their nails, &c. It was this eloquence of blood that obtained him the appellations of the "Divine Marat," and the "Sacred Apostle of Liberty."

The execution over, the carts were drawn to the cemetery of the Madeleine, or the field of Clamart, and the remains of the decapitated cast into deep graves, containing quicklime, while the carriage of the *rapporteur*, escorted by gendarmes, returned to report progress to the tribunal of blood. In the departments the executions were considered a festivity; at Arras, the scaffold was erected before the theatre, and Le Bon, the deputy, with his wife and his friends, were seated on a balcony to enjoy the sight, while a band of music was playing "Ah, ça ira!" and "La Carmagnole!" The executioners afterwards went home to sup with the *Représentant du peuple*, and bets were made on the rapidity with which they could strike off heads, with as much avidity as similar wagers could be laid on the speed of a racer. The Parisians were denied this entertainment. When executions became more numerous the inhabitants of the Faubourg St. Antoine complained bitterly of the privation they experienced in not being able to attend the service of the holy guillotine—*la sainte guillotine*, as it was called, without great difficulty, from the distance between the Place de la Révolution and their abodes, more particularly as their wives and children could not walk so far. This application was duly entertained by the considerate commune, and executions took place alternately at the old spot and the Barrière du Trône, while criminals who were condemned for offences that were not of a political nature were beheaded on the old-fashioned Place de Grève, the scene of various executions in former days, so admirably delineated by Callot in his engraving called "Les Supplices." It is certain that the caterers of this kind of public amusement were much less ingenious in the metropolis than in the departments. Thus, at Nantes, Carrier displayed great ingenuity and skill in varying the entertainments. For instance, one day he announced the "republican marriages," which were celebrated by stripping young boys and girls, then lashing them together face to face, and then turning them round in a most ingenious sort of waltz to national music, until they reached the river or field of execution, where they were either cast into the Loire, or massacred by a detachment of the *armée révolutionnaire*. On another day priests were embarked in smacks, which put out to sea, and when they were at a certain distance, valves in the sides of the vessels were opened, and the boats were sunk; but as this scene was not sufficiently dramatic, boats with guards followed the wake of the ship, and whenever a priest appeared struggling with the waves, he became a target for ball practice. Collot d'Herbois, whom I have already mentioned, in gratifying his revenge

on the inhabitants of Lyons, who once hissed him when a strolling player, shewed a perfect knowledge of a grand melodramatic spectacle; and when the guillotine was not found sufficiently expeditious in despatching his victims he had recourse to artillery, as grape-shot was much more effective than the axe. Then, again, when the houses of the aristocrats were demolished, the labour of masons was a slow process, and he directed the buildings to be mined and blown up. In his enthusiastic report of this popular vengeance to the Convention, he expressed himself in a most eloquent manner. "The Lyonnese," he wrote "are conquered; but they assert they will, some time or other, revenge themselves. It was, therefore, urgent to strike these rebels with terror, as well as those who might follow their example. The instrument of death did not act with sufficient celerity, and the pickaxe and mattock were too slow in demolition; therefore, grape-shot destroyed men, while mines destroyed buildings. All those who perished had imbued their hands in the blood of patriots; and the popular commissioners, at one glance at the prisoners, selected those who should be smitten."

The ferocity of the Jacobins at Lyons was so ingenious, that, after the massacre in the prisons directed by Chaliar, a monster who had been brought up to the church, the bodies of the victims were hung up on the trees in the public walk, and their limbs linked together to form what they called *une guirlande républicaine*. This Chaliar, during those first outbreaks, carried about a crucifix, which he spat upon and trampled under foot, after his orations to his followers. Yet this monster, when on the scaffold, kissed the image of the Saviour whom he had thus insulted, with apparent pious resignation and contrite repentance. The execution of this cannibal was most terrific. The knife of the guillotine was slowly lowered on his neck seven or eight times, and his head, one may say, was severed by inches.

Among other eminent men of the time, Dr. MILLINGEN was acquainted with

DAVID THE PAINTER.

I had frequent occasion to meet the celebrated David. He was in every respect a most forbidding person. His looks, naturally sinister, were rendered more hideous by a tumour in the cheek, the nature of which I could not understand. He was considered the founder of a new, and what was called a classic school; the *manierisme* of Boucher, Vanloo, and Coppel he abhorred. He had commenced his studies under Boucher, whom he left for the atelier of Vien. However, disgusted with the style of the day, he repaired to Italy, where he said the sight of the *chefs d'œuvre* of that school, and the conversation of antiquaries, had cured him of the cataract. He then adopted a classic purity of style, and despoiling colouring and what he used to call perspective and chromatic harmony, he applied himself chiefly to correct drawing, a method which gave to his productions the appearance of sculptured marble bassi-relievi more than of living scenes, and many of his figures were borrowed from antique intaglios, and cameos. He wished that each figure should be an academic study, that might be copied separately out of the grouping. Despising every thing modern as barbarous and *manière*, he was a slave of antiquity; and he often told Talma that he first admired him in his *Britannicus*, when he fancied that he beheld a Roman statue descend from his pedestal and walk before him. A staunch Republican, he threw himself headlong into the revolutionary vortex, and was, perhaps, one of the most ferocious and unrelenting members of the Jacobin Club. When numerous and indiscriminate executions took place, he would chuckle with delight and exclaim, "*C'est ça; il faut encore broyer du rouge.*" His vanity could only be equalled by his cruelty, and one day, when he was boasting of being incorruptible, like Robespierre, Fabre d'Englantine replied, "I know what would bribe you!" "What?" exclaimed he, with indignation. "An apotheosis in the Pantheon during your lifetime," was the answer. This vanity was exhibited on his deathbed, when, to ascertain the state of his

faculties, an engraving of his picture of Thermopylæ was shewn to him; he cast on it his glassy eyes, and muttered, "*Il n'y a que moi qui pouvait concevoir la tête de Leonidas.*" These were his last words.

Yet this miscreant, bold in his career of crime, was both a sycophant and a coward. When painting by order of Napoleon, he often crouched like a spaniel before his insolent protector, who frequently put his patience to a severe test. In his celebrated picture of the distribution of the eagles to his legions, David had represented Victory soaring over them, and holding forth crowns of laurel. "What do you mean, sir, by this foolish allegory?" said the Emperor; "it was unnecessary. Without borrowing such absurd fictions, the world must know that all my soldiers are conquerors." So saying, he quitted the studio; but, on returning a few days after, he found that the artist had painted three scrolls on the ground, bearing the names of Bonaparte, Hannibal, and Charlemagne. Napoleon was delighted with the compliment. David used to relate another anecdote of his employer. When he had ordered him to paint his portrait, he asked him how he intended to represent him. "On the field of victory, Sire, sword in hand." "Bah!" replied the Emperor. "Victories are not gained by the sword alone. Sir, represent me dashing forward on a fiery steed." When requesting Napoleon to sit a little more steadily, that he might the more easily catch the resemblance, he replied, "Pshaw, sir, who cares for a resemblance? What are the features, sir? The artist should represent the character of the physiognomy—all its fire—all its inspiration. Do you think, sir, that Alexander ever sat to Appelles?" His talents alone saved him after the fall of Robespierre and his party. When accused of his crimes by Pétion, he quailed with terror, and sought to excuse himself by the most silly and contemptible subterfuges. He declared that at the time alluded to he was ill—very ill; that he had never courted Robespierre; that, on the contrary, Robespierre had courted him; he solemnly declared that he had never embraced him, but had been embraced by him. This disgusting defence met with general contempt. He was, I believe, the only French artist who exhibited his works for money. This was the case with the "*Sabines*," which he exposed at one franc admission. This circumstance gave rise to a vaudeville, in which one of the songs winds up with the severe compliment—

"David, pour l'honneur de la France,
Ne quitte jamais tes pinceaux."

Several of David's pupils, in imitation of their master's love of antiquity, had formed themselves into a society called "*Les Penseurs*." They wore a Phrygian costume, and used to assemble, and remain for a long time in silent cogitation, until one of them spoke, and delivered his opinion on Grecian perfection. Talma would often consult David on costume, and attended not only to the dress of the character, but to all the properties, such as swords, shields, &c. which were always most correct. It is rather strange, but this attention of David to theatrical dresses was the occasion of Napoleon taking a dislike to Talma, who had once been one of his greatest favourites. In David's monster picture of the "Coronation," the most minute attention was paid to the two hundred figures that were brought into it, when the Emperor harshly exclaimed,—"Sir, this is a melodramatic scene, instead of a solemn consecration. I suppose you were directed by that histron, Talma." A few days after, a decree was issued, that prohibited the admission of any actor into the fourth class of the Institute. During this classical delirium every thing assumed what they considered an antique type. Tinkers and tailors, nightmen and rag-pickers, would call themselves by Grecian and Roman names—Cato, and Brutus, and Mutius Scævola, without the most distant notion of the character of the great men who bore those distinguished names. Many of these assumptions were most ridiculous; and in a play that came out after the 9th Thermidor, a patriot recommended his porter to call himself Cæsar, "*ce fameux Républi-*

cain," to which the fellow replies,—"Cæsar! tiens! c'est le nom de notre chien!"

BIOGRAPHY.

Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES. In 2 vols. London, 1848. Moxon.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

KEATS passed the greater part of the summer of 1819 at Shanklin, in the Isle of Wight, in the congenial society of his friend Mr. BROWN. Whilst here, the two friends amused themselves by composing a tragedy, BROWN inventing the plot, characters, and incidents, and KEATS filling up the scenes and supplying the verses. The autumn he spent at Winchester, and, later in the season, accompanied by BROWN, returned to town, where he had determined to establish himself, the more easily to further a project he had conceived of adding to his slender pecuniary resources by contributing to periodical literature. He had engaged lodgings for himself in Westminster, but, finding himself unable to support the partial separation caused by the distance from his friends and from her in whom his life was now bound up, he once more took up his abode at Hampstead, "where, at least, he could rest his eyes on her habitation, and enjoy each chance opportunity of her society."

In the beginning of the winter GEORGE KEATS returned to England for a short period, apparently for the purpose of raising capital—a speculation in which he had already engaged having proved a complete failure. The transactions between the two brothers on this occasion gave rise, it appears, to the belief that the elder KEATS had, on his return to America, knowingly left his brother in a state nearly approaching to destitution. That such, however, was not the case, and that he was totally ignorant of JOHN'S pecuniary circumstances, he subsequently proved by full explanations, and by the generous offer to do his utmost to liquidate the engagements of the latter, after his premature death.

It was at this period that he commenced his last work, *The Cap and Bells*, which was never completed, and is now, in its fragmentary condition, given for the first time to the world. It is a humorous fairy tale; and passing strange it seems, on a superficial view, that his only work of this lighter nature should have been begun just as his miseries were about to reach their climax. Mr. MONCKTON MILNES judiciously remarks,—

There is nothing in this combination which will surprise those who understand the poetic, or even the literary nature; but I know few stronger instances of a moral phenomenon which the Hamlets of the world are for ever exhibiting to an audience that can only resolve the problem by doubting the reality of the one or the other feeling—of the mirth or of the misery.

But it was now, just as his ripening genius appeared about to develop itself in maturer beauty, that the hopes of his admirers were to be blighted for ever. Such was the commencement of the malady which brought him to the grave:—

One night, about eleven o'clock, Keats returned home in a state of strange physical excitement—it might have appeared to those who did not know him one of fierce intoxication. He told his friend he had been outside the stage-coach, had received a severe chill, was a little fevered; but added, "I don't feel it now." He was easily persuaded to go to bed; and as he leapt into the cold sheets, before his head was on the pillow, he slightly coughed and

said, "That is blood from my mouth; bring me the candle, let me see this blood." He gazed steadfastly for some moments at the ruddy stain, and then looking in his friend's face with an expression of sudden calmness never to be forgotten, said, "I know the colour of arterial blood; it is arterial blood. I cannot be deceived in that colour; that drop is my death-warrant—I must die."

His health, however, improving with the the advancing season, his apprehensions were partially, though, in spite of the confident anticipations of his friends, never entirely allayed. In the early part of the summer of 1820 he went to lodge at Kentish-town, but soon returned to Hampstead, where he remained with the family of the lady to whom he was attached. It was about this time that he published *Laureia, Isabella, and other Poems*. Although attaining quickly to a great reputation, the sale of the volume was slow. Poor KEATS, now wasted with disease, had also to contemplate the approach of poverty without a hope of being able, by any exertion of his own, to avert the dreadful evil. Weary of the sorrows of mortality, he would gladly have rested even in the grave, had he not been bound to life by the tie of one strong passion—a passion which, in its utter hopelessness, made the prospect of death dreadful even as that of life. In the autumn of 1820, accompanied by his friend Mr. SEVERN the artist, who, for the love he bore to KEATS, consented to forego for a season the path to eminence, which his genius had already opened to him, the dying poet sailed for Italy, in the vain hope that a milder climate might yet renovate his exhausted frame. As the best picture we can give of his condition, we transcribe a letter written on his landing at Naples to one of his most intimate friends:—

My dear Brown,—Yesterday we were let out of quarantine, during which my health suffered more from bad air and the stifled cabin than it had done the whole voyage. The fresh air revived me a little, and I hope I am well enough this morning to write you a short, calm letter; if that can be called one, in which I am afraid to speak of what I would fainest dwell upon. As I have gone thus far into it, I must go on a little; perhaps it may relieve the load of *wretchedness* which presses upon me. The persuasion that I shall see her no more will kill me. My dear Brown, I should have had her when I was in health, and I should have remained well. I can bear to die—I cannot bear to leave her. Oh, God! God! God! Every thing I have in my trunks that reminds me of her goes through me like a spear. The silk lining she put in my travelling cap scalds my head—my imagination is horribly vivid about her—I see her—I hear her. There is nothing in the world of sufficient interest to divert me from her for a moment. This was the case when I was in England. I cannot recollect without shuddering the time that I was a prisoner at Hunt's, and used to keep my eyes fixed on Hampstead all day. Then there was a good hope of seeing her again. Now—oh! that I could be buried near where she lives! I am afraid to write to her—to receive a letter from her; to see her handwriting would break my heart—even to hear of her any how, to see her name written, would be more than I could bear. My dear Brown, what am I to do?—where can I look for consolation or ease? If I had any chance of recovery, this passion would kill me. Indeed, through the whole of my illness, both at your house and at Kentish-town, this fever has never ceased wearing me out. When you write to me, which you will do immediately, write to Rome (*poste restante*); if she is well and happy, put a mark thus +; if ——. Remember me to all. I will endeavour to bear my miseries patiently. A person in my state of health should not have such miseries to bear. Write a short note to my sister,

saying you have heard from me. Severn is very well. If I were in better health, I would urge your coming to Rome. I fear there is no one can give me any comfort. Is there any news of George? Oh, that something fortunate had ever happened to me or my brothers! then I might hope, but despair is forced upon me as a habit. My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate for ever. I cannot say a word about Naples. I do not feel at all concerned in the thousand novelties around me. I am afraid to write to her. I should like her to know that I do not forget her. Oh, Brown, I have coals of fire in my breast! It surprises me that the human breast is capable of containing and bearing so much misery. Was I born for this end? God bless her, and her mother, and my sister, and George, and his wife, and you, and all.—Your ever affectionate friend, JOHN KEATS.

From Naples the invalid and his friend proceeded to Rome, the last journey ever performed by KEATS. He had received an urgent invitation from SHELLEY to join him at Pisa, which was not, however, accepted. Such was now the extreme susceptibility of his feelings, that, at Naples, he could not bear to go to the opera, on account of the sentinels who stood constantly on the stage, and whom he at first took for part of the scenic effect. "We will go at once to Rome," he said; "I know my end approaches, and the continual visible tyranny of this government prevents me from having any peace of mind. I could not lie quietly here. I will not leave my bones in the midst of despotism."

KEATS had a letter of introduction for Dr. (now Sir JAMES) CLARKE, and during the short remainder of his life owed to this able practitioner's generous attention, not only all the alleviation of which his malady was capable, but every kindness which benevolence, esteem, or sympathy could suggest. "All that can be done," says Mr. SEVERN, "he does most kindly, while his lady, like himself in refined feeling, prepares all that poor KEATS takes; for in this wilderness of a place for an invalid there was no alternative." But the closing scene was fast approaching. One or two extracts from selected passages from Mr. SEVERN's letters may serve to convey some idea of the last sufferings of poor KEATS, and of the generous devotion of the friend who, through every difficulty, stood by him in his hour of utmost need.

Torlonia, the banker, has just refused us any more money; the bill is returned unaccepted, and to-morrow I must pay my last crown for this cursed lodging-place; and what is more, if he dies, all the beds and furniture will be burnt, and the walls scraped, and they will come on me for a hundred pounds or more. But, above all, this noble fellow, lying on the bed, and without the common spiritual comforts that many a rogue and fool has in his last moments! If I do break down, it will be under this; but I pray that some angel of goodness may yet lead him through this dark wilderness. If I could leave Keats every day for a time, I could soon raise money by my painting; but he will not let me out of his sight, he will not bear the face of a stranger. I would rather cut my tongue out, than tell him I must get the money; that would kill him at a word. You see, my hopes of being kept by the Royal Academy will be cut off, unless I send a picture by the spring. * * * * It is impossible to conceive what his sufferings have been; he might in his anguish have plunged into the grave in secret, and not a syllable have been known about him; this reflection alone repays me for all I have done. Now, he is still alive and calm. He would not hear that he was better; the thought of recovery is beyond every thing dreadful to him; we now dare not perceive any improvement, for the hope of death seems his only comfort. He talks of the quiet grave as the first rest he can ever have.

A few days subsequently he writes,—

Little or no change has taken place, except this beautiful one, that his mind is growing to great quietness and peace. I find this change has to do with the increasing weakness of his body, but to me it seems like a delightful sleep. I have been beating about in the tempest of his mind so long.

And this the day before his death:—

Oh! how anxious I am to hear from you! (Mr. Haslam.) I have nothing to break this dreadful solitude but letters. Day after day, night after night, here I am with our poor dying friend. My spirits, my intellect, and my health are breaking down. I can get no one to change with me—no one to relieve me. All run away: and even if they did not, Keats could not do without me.

The following most touching passage, which proves not only how KEATS clung to this noble friend, but contains a solemn testimony to the love and admiration of that friend for him, occurs in the same letter:—

Poor Keats has me ever by him, and shadows out the form of one solitary friend: he opens his eyes in great doubt and horror, but when they fall upon me, they close gently, open quietly, and close again, till he sinks to sleep. His thoughts alone would keep me by him till he dies; and why did I say I was losing my time? The advantages I have gained by knowing John Keats are double and treble any I could have won by any other occupation.

The day after the above was written, the 23rd of February, 1821, he died. His death was gentle. Feeling its approach he said, "SEVERN—I lift me up—I am dying—I shall die easy, don't be frightened—be firm—and thank God for it." He sunk into death so quietly that his friend thought he slept. He was buried in the Protestant cemetery at Rome—a spot rich in natural beauty and old associations—a fit resting-place for one whose whole soul was imbued with "the passion, poetry."

In one of those mental voyages into the past which often precede death, Keats had told SEVERN that "he thought the intensest pleasure he had received in life was in watching the growth of flowers." And at another time, after lying a while still and peaceful, he said, "I feel the flowers growing over me;" and there they do grow, even all the winter long—violets and daisies mingling with the fresh herbage, and, in the words of Shelley, "making one in love with death that one should be buried in so sweet a place."

And now the revolving wheel of time has verified the prediction of LEIGH HUNT, contained in a message to KEATS in a letter to SEVERN,—a message which the young poet did not live to receive. "Tell that great poet and noble-hearted man," writes his friend, "that we shall all bear his memory in the most precious part of our hearts, and that the world shall bow their heads to it as our loves do." Yes, from his young grave, the star of his fame has arisen to shed a spell over the minds of men, like an effluence from the very Spirit of Beauty. Now, is he every where recognised as one of those—

Some spirits who could proudly sing
Their youth away and die.

And to us, this tale of his life and death, like every "thing of beauty"

Is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases: it will never
Pass into nothingness.

And now for a few brief minutes to his Literary Remains, with which these volumes are concluded. Any dissertation upon the poetical genius of KEATS would here be somewhat out of place, and is now unnecessary. Suffice it to say, these gleanings of its glory, all more or

less display the redundancy of imagery, the wealth of diction, and the intense perception of Beauty, which are peculiarly his own, whilst the fragment before alluded to, is remarkable not only for its humour, but for the vein of quiet satire which pervades it throughout. The sonnets which are here for the first time given to the world, are in our opinion equal to any thing he has written in this style of composition. We select a few of these as better adapted to our limits than the longer pieces, and equally characteristic of the author. Our only difficulty lies in knowing which to choose. Could any thing be more beautifully descriptive of the pleasures of a young poet than this, written in 1816:—

Oh! how I love on a fair summer's eve,
When streams of light pour down the golden west,
And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest,
The silver clouds, far—far away to leave
All manner thoughts, and take a sweet reprieve
From little cares; to find, with easy quiet,
A fragrant wild with Nature's beauty drest,
And there into delight my soul deceive,
There warm my breast with patriotic lore,
Musing on Milton's fate—on Sydney's bier—
Till their stern forms before my mind arise:
Perhaps on wing of poesy upsoar,
Full often dropping a delicious tear,
When some melodious sorrow spells mine eyes.

And how full of calm beauty is the next!
As one reads, its pensive loveliness passes into
the heart:—

After dark vapours have oppress'd our plains
For a long dreary season, comes a day
Born of the gentle South, and clears away
From the rich heavens all unseemly stains.
The anxious month relieved from its pains,
Takes as a long-lost right the feel of May,
The eyelids with the passing coolness play,
Like rose-leaves with the drip of summer rains,
And calmest thoughts come round us—as of leaves
Budding,—fruit ripening in stillness,—autumn
suns
Smiling at eve upon the quiet sheaves,—
Sweet Sappho's cheek,—a sleeping infant's breath,—
The gradual sand that through an hourglass
runs,—
A woodland rivulet,—a Poet's death.

And worthy of the sublime subject is the
wild solemnity of this—

ON THE SEA.

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell
Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell
Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.
Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,
That scarcely will the very smallest shell
Be moved for days from where it sometime fell,
When last the winds of heaven were unbound.
Oh ye! who have your eyeballs vexed and tired,
Feast them upon the wideness of the sea;
Oh ye! whose ears are din'd with uproar rude,
Or fed too much with cloying melody,—
Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood
Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired.

The next three have a more peculiarly personal interest. The first, written in 1817, seems to contain a presentiment of the poet's destiny.

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charact'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full ripen'd grain;
When I behold upon the night's star'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
Their shadows with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink.

Of the next, composed in 1819, KEATS himself says, "it was written with no agony but that of ignorance, with no thirst but that

of knowledge, when pushed to the point; though the first steps to it were through my human passions, they went away, and I wrote with my mind, and, perhaps, I must confess, a little bit of my heart.

Why did I laugh to night? No voice will tell:
No God, no demon of severe response,
Deigns to reply from heaven or from hell.
Then to my human heart I turn at once,
Heart! thou and I are here sad and alone;
I say, why did I laugh? O mortal pain!
O darkness! darkness! ever must I moan,
To question heaven, and hell, and heart in vain.
Why did I laugh? I knew thus Being's lease,
My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads;
Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds;
Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
But Death intenser—Death is Life's high meed.

The following was written after having landed one beautiful day on the Dorchester coast, while beating about the Channel for a fortnight subsequent to his embarkment for Italy. A deep and mournful interest attaches to it as

KEATS'S LAST SONNET.

Bright star! would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like Nature's patient, sleepless Eremité,
The moving waters at their priest-like task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors.—
No,—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still, to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

The Autobiography of a Working Man. By
"One who has Whistled at the Plough."
London: C. Gilpin.

[THIRD NOTICE.]

THE foregoing extract is another illustration of the power of industry. If youth can expect to find a golden rule for success and prosperity, it is that they be zealous and industrious. Do every thing that is to be done and do it well. Activity is as distinguished from busybodyism as it is from idleness. The man who goes out of his way to impose tasks upon himself, which when performed do not produce aught that is of service to any one, is not the active man. We do not wish our young readers to suppose that the commendation they so often hear from the would-be sage to "make work," is in all cases a good commendation. Mischievous-makers act upon it, and it also seems to dictate the procedure of those who are customarily indolent, and who ever and anon venture on some extraordinary and misplaced effort by way of atoning to their own sense of their faults, and to appease the upbraiding conscience that so constantly twits them.

The next passage of importance that we light upon is the description of the daily occupation of a recruit, and very instructive it is. We wonder not at the fine discipline of our army, or at their activity and regularity after learning from this peep how stern is the training they undergo. SOMERVILLE got on very well, with one exception. For an offence that ought not to be construed as such he was sentenced to be flogged, and in connection with this we find something more than military discipline to be noticed.

This was at the time of the severe struggle for the Reform Bill in 1831, when soldiery and nobility were arrayed against king and people,—when the name of the Scots Greys (the regiment of our author) was lisped by even the children of the aristocrats as a defiance to all

reformers, and a word of dread and dismay to all who sought to induce parliamentary changes. A rapid sketch is given of the conflict both in and out of the Houses of Parliament, of King WILLIAM's dignified and prescient dictation, and of the mutual hatreds that were enkindled by the heroic conduct of the Reformed Parliament, and of the consternation of the people of the kingdom when it became known that the Lords had by a majority of 41 rejected the handiwork of their co-workers of the Commons. The various disturbances are briefly but vividly sketched. SOMERVILLE was at this time at Birmingham with his regiment. The country had, in consequence of the frequent defeats and resignations of the Reform ministries, become excited to an extraordinary pitch. Meetings were numerous, clubs were formed, sedition was spouted by the bushel, and it was intended that the Union Clubs of Birmingham should march to the metropolis and encamp in the neighbourhood, and force the Lords to do their duty if they longer refused. SOMERVILLE was one of the leading minds of the Scots Greys, and he evidently did much to encourage the people to believe that soldiers had hearts and judgments, and would rather use them than their swords. But we give his own account of the mock truce that was enacted.

THE SCOTS GREYS AND THE RADICALS OF 1832.

On the Sunday before the meeting on Newhall Hill, there were upwards of five thousand people within the gates, most of them well-dressed artisans, all wearing ribbons of light blue knotted in their breasts, indicating that they were members of the political union. Next Sunday, the barrack gates were closed. No civilians were admitted. We were marched to the riding-school, to prayers, in the forenoon, and during the remaining part of the day, or most of it, were employed in rough sharpening our swords on the grindstone. I was one of the "fatigue" men, who turned the stone to the armourer and his assistants. It was rumoured that the Birmingham political union was to march for London that night; and that we were to stop it on the road. We had been daily and nightly booted and saddled, with ball cartridge in each man's possession, for three days, ready to mount and turn out at a moment's notice. But until this day we had rough-sharpened no swords. The purpose of so roughening their edges, was to make them inflict a ragged wound. Not since before the battle of Waterloo had the swords of the Greys undergone the same process. Old soldiers spoke of it, and told the young ones. Few words were spoken. We had made more noise, and probably looked less solemn, at prayers in the morning, than we did now grinding our swords. It was the Lord's day, and we were working. The House of Commons had three times passed a bill declaring that fifty-six rotten boroughs should be disfranchised; that the new boroughs of Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Greenwich, Sheffield, Sunderland, Devonport, Wolverhampton, Tower Hamlets, Finsbury, Marylebone, Lambeth, Bolton, Bradford, Blackburn, Brighton, Halifax, Macclesfield, Oldham, Stockport, Stoke-upon-Trent, and Stroud, should have each two representatives. On this memorable Sunday, we sharpened our swords to prevent these new boroughs from obtaining any representatives.

Ashton-under-Lyne, Bury, Chatham, Cheltenham, Dudley, Frome, Gateshead, Huddersfield, Kidderminster, Kendal, Rochdale, Salford, South Shields, Tynemouth, Wakefield, Walsall, Warrington, Whitby, Whitehaven, and Merton Tydvil, were, by the bill, three times carried in the House of Commons, to have one member each. Our swords were rough-sharpened on Sunday, the 13th of May, that these towns might have no members, all other arguments against reform having failed. The Irish and Scotch reform bills were not in the same position; but the swords with ragged edges were for them as well as the English Reform Bill. The negotiations then pending between the king

and the anti-reformers, were unknown to the country, and in their details still are. Most of the transactions beyond the town of Birmingham were unknown to us, though, from general rumour, we knew, unfortunately for our profession, that the the shoulders, under my neck, which went to my toe-nails in one direction, my finger-nails in another, and stung me to the heart, as if a knife had gone through my body. The sergeant-major called in a loud voice, "One." I felt as if it would be kind of Simpson not to strike me on the same place again. He came on a second time a few inches lower, and then I thought the former stroke was sweet and agreeable compared with that one. The sergeant-major counted "two." The "cat" was swung twice round the farrier's head again, and he came on somewhere about the right shoulder-blade, and the loud voice of the reckoner said "three." The shoulder-blade was as sensitive as any other part of the body, and when he came again on the left shoulder, and the voice cried "four," I felt my flesh quiver in every nerve, from the scalp of my head to my toe-nails. The time between each stroke seemed so long as to be agonising, and yet the next came too soon. It was lower down, and it felt to be the severest. The word "five" made me betake myself to mental arithmetic; this, thought I, is only the fortieth part of what I am to get. "Six" followed, so on, up to "twenty-five." The sergeant-major then said "Halt!" Simpson stood back, and a young trumpeter who had not flogged before, took his cat and began. He had practised often at a stable-post, or a sack of sawdust, and could handle the instrument as scientifically as any one. He gave me some dreadful cuts about the ribs, first on one side and then on the other. Some one bade him hit higher up, I do not know whom. He then gave them upon the blistered and swollen places, where Simpson had been practising. The pain in my lungs was now more severe, I thought, than on my back. I felt as if I would burst, in the internal parts of my body. I could have cried out; and, I doubt not, would have taken less harm from the punishment had that firmness, which phrenologists say is strongly developed in my cranium, permitted me to break my resolution. I had resolved that I would die, before I would utter a complaint or a groan. I detected myself once giving something like a groan, and to prevent its utterance again, I put my tongue between my teeth, held it there, and bit it almost in two pieces. What with the blood from my tongue, and my lips, which I had also bitten, and the blood from my lungs, or some other internal part ruptured by the writhing agony, I was almost choked, and became black in the face. The hospital-sergeant, seeing this, brought the basin of water, and put it to my lips; I indignantly withdrew my head from it, and the revulsion, or change of feeling, somewhat relieved me. It now became Simpson's second turn to give twenty-five. Only fifty had been inflicted, and the time since they began was like a long period of life: I felt as if I had lived all the time of my real life in pain and torture, and that the time when existence had pleasure in it was a dream, long, long gone by. Simpson got up among the old sores; the strokes were not so sharp as at first; they were like blows of heavy weights, but more painful than the fresh ones. It was now that he—probably more inclined to remember that he was my friend than a farrier—was commanded in a loud voice, in these words, formerly quoted, "Farrier Simpson, do your duty." He travelled downwards, and came on heavier than before, but, as I thought, slower. It seemed a weary slowness for the sergeant-major, to be only counting the fifteenth and sixteenth of the third twenty-five. I then uttered the only words which I spoke during the whole time,—namely, "Come quicker on, Simpson, and let it be done; you are very slow." The poor fellow was slow, from aversion to the task; I do not know if he gave the strokes more quickly; they all seemed to last too long. When the other youngster had reached, or nearly, his second twenty, I felt as if I could yield, and beg forgiveness; but the next moment the coward thought was rebuked within me,

and banished. "Not from them," said I mentally, "shall I beg forgiveness," but I prayed to God to put it into their minds to stop, and pardon me the remainder. When this five-and-twenty was completed, which made a hundred, the commanding officer said, "Stop, take him down, he is a young soldier."

I was then unbound. One of the wet towels was spread upon my back, my jacket laid loosely over the towel, and I was led to the hospital between two men. There, a cloth dipped in a lotion of some kind, was put over my skin, and I was laid down on my back. It soon became so stiff, that to rise seemed as impossible as to rise with the weight of a ton fastened to me. I felt as if dragged down by tons of heaviness. When fresh lotions were put to my back, two orderlies came, one on each side, and lifted me by the arms. The only remark I made about the punishment, was on entering the ward where I was to lie. Some of the patients expressed sympathy for me; and I said, "This shall be heard of, yet; I shall make it as public over England as newspapers can make it." I said no more, but the patients were carried to the Court of Inquiry, fifty miles, to prove that I had "used threats" on entering the hospital.

In his case secondary symptoms followed the punishment some months after his cure had been effected. As in the case of the unfortunate Corporal WHITE, in 1846, a diseased spine resulted, but it appeared in the shape of biles in the back, which, by proper precautions, were healed. Had they concentrated inwardly, as with WHITE, Mr. SOMERVILLE thinks he should not have lived to write his autobiography. When free of the pain and the anxiety he explained the matter to his friends. The story got wind that he had been maltreated. A private letter of his reflecting on the conduct of Colonel WYNDHAM was published in the Scotch papers without his consent, and thence found its way into the *Times*. It was made the subject of a Court of Inquiry. Public meetings sympathising with the punished one were held, condoling resolutions and cheering rhymes and friendly letters poured in upon this private soldier by the fifty or sixty per day. He was then stopping at Coventry, and here is another incident of interest in his strange eventful history:—

I was not personally known in Coventry for a considerable time, save to a very few persons. It was amusing to hear the remarks that were made, and the questions asked of me about myself, by those to whom I was unknown. I usually made a joke of the subject. More than once this was like to have ended in mischief, by those who thought I treated a better man than myself with contempt, that better man being myself. "Soldier, sup with me; come, take my glass," one would say; "Take my pot," another would say, "and tell us how Somerville gets on. How is it they don't let him out of barracks? eh? You don't know? you do know; you are one of those who are ashamed of him, I suppose. Drink his health; you won't drink his health? Here, Jim, hold my pipe, let me past you; I'll make this soldier drink Somerville's health. You won't drink it. By the pot in my hand you shall have this potful to his health, either in you or on you; will you drink long life and health to Somerville the soldier, and the freedom of opinion?" "No!" "Then you shall have it about you; will you drink his health?" "No." "There it is then; now what do you say?" This occurred one day in a public-house, to which I had gone to read the news. A pot of beer was thrown on my clothes, and partly in my face, disfiguring white trousers and scarlet coat most foully. I started to my feet to shake it off; they thought I was going to fight them, and they cautioned me not to try that; for if I would not drink to the health of the best man in the regiment, they would not only throw the ale over me, but perhaps give me a

thrashing as well; and that I had better be off with what I had got, lest I fared worse. I spoke to them to this effect: "I shall go; but before I leave you, as we shall never meet again, if I can avoid the meeting, let me inform you, that you have spoiled the clothes of the man you profess to have a respect for; you have thrown beer in his face; you have committed a gross indignity upon him; you profess to admire what you call his assertion of the freedom of opinion; and because he has chosen to have his own opinions in your company, and to resist dictation as to whose health he should drink to, you commit a gross outrage upon him." "What!" they exclaimed together, and one after another, "are you Somerville? If you be, let us shake hands; let us be friends; we did not know you." "Off hands!" I said; "no shaking of hands with me. Your insult would have been equally unworthy of men who deserve to be called men, had you committed it upon another person. My notions about the freedom of opinion, which you profess to admire, differ from yours. If you would promote the country was alarmingly unanimous. When closed within the barracks, booted and saddled, we had no communication with the townspeople, night nor day, and knew nothing of their movements. We did not apprehend an immediate collision until the day of the sword-sharpening. The danger now seemed imminent. Those of us who had held private and confidential conversations on the subject, had agreed that the best means of preventing a collision with the reform movement and the national will, as expressed by the House of Commons, was to give circulation to the fact that we were not to be depended upon to put down public meetings, or prevent the people of Birmingham from journeying to London, to present their petitions, and support the House of Commons by their presence, if they chose to undertake the journey. We caused letters to be written and sent to various parties in Birmingham and London, to that effect. Some were addressed to the Duke of Wellington, some to the King, some to the War-office to Lord Hill, and some were dropped in the streets. Those letters were necessarily anonymous, but they contained no violent threats. They firmly and respectfully urged that, while the Greys would do their duty if riots and outrages upon property were committed, they would not draw swords or triggers upon a deliberative public meeting, or kill the people of Birmingham for attempting to leave their town with a petition to London. In the letters dropped in Birmingham streets, or sent to parties resident in that town, we implored the people, as they valued success to reform and political friendship with the army, *not* to allow rioting, window-breaking, or any outrage on property; else, if refusing to fire or draw swords on them, in the event of our being brought before a court-martial for such disobedience, we would have no justification. We would be condemned and shot. "If you do nothing but make speeches, sign petitions, and go peaceably to present them, though you go in tens of thousands, the Greys will not prevent you." One of my letters contained that passage, and concluded thus:—"The king's name is a tower of strength, which they upon the adverse faction, want." The belief with the public, however, was that the king had turned anti-reformer; and, possibly, he wavered. There is too much reason to fear that the queen-consort was influenced by the anti-reform ladies of the aristocracy, and operated on her royal husband. But these are secrets of the royal household, not to be soon revealed; perhaps never. As to what we would have done in the event of an armed movement of the people, as discussed or suggested by many of the leading London newspapers, is not for me to speculate upon now. Such probabilities were speculated upon then. Happily, the nine days of a nation without a government—all classes fervently excited and nearer unanimity than was ever known of the English nation—came to an end. The renewed vote of confidence in the late cabinet by the House of Commons; the petitions of the country to the Commons to stop the supplies; the political unions guided by the greatest of them all—the union of Birmingham—resolving not

to pay assessed taxes until the bill passed; the rumour industriously spread and conveyed to the highest quarters, and founded on a well-determined resolution of certain soldiers, that the army was not to be relied upon, if the constitutional voice of the country was attempted to be suppressed by the unconstitutional use of military power—especially at Birmingham, upon which town the eyes of Britain and of Europe were fixed; all those concurrent causes, of which the last was not the least effective, brought the attempt to establish a government by military power in defiance of the House of Commons to an end. May such attempts be at an end for ever!

The sharpening of swords on a Sunday, the intention to encamp at London, and the dreadful suspense and interruption to business that the nation had endured were happily brought to an end by the ever-to-be-remembered valour and self-command of WILLIAM IV. The Reform Bill passed, but the troubles that opposition to it had engendered did not vanish. The Scots Greys were doomed to hear more of their conduct. The Duke of Wellington publicly denied that the Lords had yielded because of disaffection in the army, or that the Scots Greys had declared themselves for Reform. SOMERVILLE read the report of the Duke's speech in a newspaper, and felt both his own dignity and that of the army assailed thereby. He wrote to the newspaper a letter, of which the following is a copy:—

As a private in that regiment, I have the means of knowing fully the opinions which pervade the rank in which I serve. It was true that a few sent their names to the roll of the political union. But let no one think that those who refrained from doing so cared less for the interests of their country. I, for one, made no such public avowal of my opinions, for I knew it to be an infringement of military law; but I was one who watched with trembling anticipation the movements of the people of Birmingham. For while we ventured to hope that any collision between the civil and military forces would be prevented, by the moral energies of the former, we could not help having a fear that the unprincipled and lawless, who are every where more or less to be found, might take the opportunity of that turning in the national affairs, to commit outrages on property; in which instance, we should certainly have considered ourselves, as soldiers, bound to put down such disorderly conduct. This, I say, we should have certainly felt to have been our duty; but against the liberties of our country we would have never, never raised an arm. The Scots Greys have honourably secured a high character in the defence of their country, and they would be the last to degrade themselves below the dignity of British soldiers, in acting as the tools of a tyrant. The Duke of Wellington, if he sees or hears of this, may assure himself that military government shall never again be set up in this country.

This was published on the 27th of May, ten days after the letter of the king's secretary, which announced the passing of the Reform Bill. An inquiry followed, secretly and unknown to our adventurous literati, and it was discovered by the authorities that he was the author of the letter. It was hardly an offence that could be classed with military disobediences, so plans were adopted, with the help of the riding-master of the regiment, to get SOMERVILLE into difficulties. This was done by giving him a horse that no other soldier could ride, and which he tried to control, but failed. He was therefore held to have "disobeyed orders." He was immediately dragged before the commanding officer, Major WYNDHAM. A court-martial was ordered to try the offence in the school, though it was plainly the intention of the officers covertly to punish SOMERVILLE for his letter-writing propensity.

Unusually short notice of the intention to hold a court-martial was given. Altogether SOMERVILLE was very unfairly treated, although he knew that his major offence was one punishable with death if it had been fully consummated. The riding-school mishap, however, it is clear, he was entrapped into, and with a view to a punishment as a return for his newspaper adventure. He was sentenced to receive two hundred lashes, and he says he received them with so much dignity and resignation that only one half was remitted. So full of novelty is his description of the flogging, that we give it entire:—

FLOGGING A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

"I proceeded at once to unbutton, and take off my regimental jacket. The sergeant of the band, with great alacrity, came to assist. I said, in an under tone, that I would take my things off myself. One of the orderlies took my jacket and cap, another my stock, and laid them on the form; I handed my shirt to the sergeant, who fastened it round my middle. One of the orderlies took a rope with a noose on it, and running the noose upon the wrist of my right arm, put the other end through a ring, which was fastened in the wall, at the distance of several yards from the upright ladder. Another orderly took another rope with a noose, and fastening it in like manner upon my left wrist, drew the other end of it through a ring, at the distance of several yards on the opposite side of the ladder. They then drew each his rope, until my arms were stretched outward, and my breast and face were brought closely and tightly against the ladder. Two other soldiers came with two other ropes with nooses. They lifted my right foot, and put one of the nooses over my foot, and ran it up tightly upon my ankle; and then lifted my left foot, and ran the noose of the other rope tightly upon my left ankle. They each put his rope through a ring in the wall, near the ground, and brought the ends round the upright ladder, and each of my legs, several times, until I was bound so fast that I could not move. The regimental sergeant-major, who stood behind, with a book and pencil to count each lash, and write its number, gave the command, "Farrier Simpson, you will do your duty." The manner of doing that duty is to swing the "cat" twice round the head, give a stroke, draw the tails of the "cat" through the fingers of the left hand, to rid them of skin, or flesh, or blood; again swing the instrument twice round the head slowly, and come on, and so forth. Simpson took the "cat" as ordered—at least, I believe so, I did not see him; but I felt an astounding sensation between freedom of opinion, do not begin by being social tyrants." And so I left them.

A volunteer friend of SOMERVILLE's had petitioned the House of Commons for an inquiry into his case. It was granted, and was held at Weedon, Northampton, and SOMERVILLE was called upon to bring his accusation. Acting under advice he refused to do so, but expressed his willingness to give evidence as a witness to satisfy the country that a mishap in the riding-school had been made the pretext for punishing him for the letter to the *Weekly Dispatch*. He was so examined, and it was against his own wish, though in accordance with the request of his legal adviser, that he refrained from putting in a written statement. The omission was fatal to his cause. The Court of Inquiry exonerated Major Wyndham from ought that could "reflect discredit on his purposes, feelings, or motives," but ruled that he had "evinced a deficiency in the care, discretion, and judgment required of him," by his precipitancy in SOMERVILLE's trial and punishment.

The soldier returned to the country barracks, where men of all classes visited him. On the occasion of the Coventry fair the Lady Godiva procession was held. Large

masses of persons as they passed the barrack shouted "SOMERVILLE for ever;" little thinking that he was the sentry standing at the door with the carbine on his arm. He shortly afterwards left the regiment, subscriptions having been raised and his freedom purchased therewith. The love of his fellows accompanied him, and he gratefully remembers many kindnesses forced upon him by some of the more sensible but least noisy people of Coventry. On the 27th of August he started for London—a famous man in the eyes of the world, and one whom political traders had undoubtedly marked as food for their future displays.

(To be continued.)

VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Travels in Ceylon and Continental India; including Nepal and other parts of the Himalayas, to the Borders of Thibet, with some Notices of the Overland Route. With Appendices. By Dr. W. HOFFMEISTER, Travelling Physician to his Royal Highness Prince WALDEMAR of Prussia. Translated from the German. Hamilton and Adams; Kennedy, Edinburgh.

WHEN Dr. HOFFMEISTER attended Prince WALDEMAR of Prussia as private physician in his Eastern tour, it was with the purpose of making minute scientific observations, and thus performing a service to the world at large while he was serving his own prince, and enjoying opportunities for admission into circles of society, and to objects of interest and curiosity, which are usually closed against the traveller, who has a less persuasive introduction than the presence of royalty. He had been recommended to the office with this intent by HUMBOLDT, who knew his qualifications. Nor did the Doctor disappoint his friends. His industry was unwearied, his knowledge extensive, his powers of observation, naturally keen, had been carefully cultivated, and large and important results were anticipated. But an unhappy accident partially blighted these hopes. The Prince, as the reader will remember, chancing to be by the Sutlej at the time of the invasion, which ended so gloriously for the British arms, was induced to take part in the battle of Ferozeshah, where he greatly distinguished himself. Dr. HOFFMEISTER joined him, and was killed, and thus prematurely terminated a career which promised so much for science. But all the knowledge he had acquired in his travel did not perish too. He wrote largely to his friends at home, giving them minute accounts of his progress and proceedings; and he also kept a journal, in which he noted the most important occurrences of every day. The volume before us is composed of such parts of his letters and journals as are of public interest, woven into a continuous narrative, and enriched with notes scientific and illustrative.

There is not much novelty in the route taken by the Prince; Greece, Alexandria, the Nile, and the Pyramids, with a caravan across the desert to Suez, thence to Ceylon, Calcutta, a ramble in Hindostan, with a trip to the Himalayas, present no very attractive programme of places. But, as we have had continual occasion to remark in the CRITIC, the value of a book of travels lies not so much in the place of travel as in the mind of the traveller. To a man of original thought and keen perception no country is hackneyed, and from such a man no tour, if it were through Middlesex or Belgium, would be dull and uninteresting. We desire much more to know how certain objects

appeared to the tourist, and what ideas they suggested to him—in short, the impressions of his travels—than the descriptions, however accurate, of cities and mountains and rivers, which, after all, are very much like other cities and mountains and rivers, and cannot in fact be accurately pictured upon the reader's mind by any word-painting, however laboured or eloquent. Hence, though described so often before, there is a freshness of novelty in the narrative of Dr. HOFFMEISTER which cannot fail to recommend him to the reader, and probably they will feel the most interest in this volume who are the best acquainted with or have read most about the places to which it relates.

Travels and voyages in the hands of the literary journalist admit of no other treatment than exhibition by extract, and as that is probably the most acceptable form of notice to the reader who likes to judge for himself, and who consults a journal like the CRITIC for the very purpose of learning the progress of publication and the style and nature of the contents of books which he has not leisure to read through, we follow our wonted custom, and gather a few of the passages that have most pleased us on perusal.

A novel, spirited picture is that of

A COMBAT OF WILD BEASTS.

The combats of wild beasts were now to commence. We were conducted to a gallery, from which we looked down upon a narrow court, surrounded by walls and gratings. This was the arena on which the exhibition was to take place. Unluckily the space allotted for spectators was, on account of the great number of English ladies present, so circumscribed, that we could find only a bad standing-room, and one, moreover, in which the glare and heat of the sun were most oppressive. However, the spectacle exhibited before our eyes in the depth of the battle-field was of such a nature that all discomfort was soon forgotten. We there beheld six powerful buffaloes, not of the tame breed, but strong and mighty beasts, the offspring of the arnees of the mountains; measuring at least four feet and a half in height to the back, with huge and wide-arching horns, from three to four feet in length. There they stood, on their short, clumsy legs, snorting violently, and blowing through their distended nostrils, as if filled with forebodings of the approaching danger. What noble animals! what strength in their broad necks! Pity only that such intense stupidity should be marked in their eyes.

A clatter of sticks, and the roar of various wild beasts, now resounded; to which the buffaloes replied by a hollow bellowing. Suddenly, on the opening of a side-door, there rushed forth a strong and formidable tiger, measuring, I should say, from ten to eleven feet in length from head to tail, and about four feet in height. Without deliberating long, he sprang with one mighty bound into the midst of the buffaloes, and, darting unexpectedly between the redoubtable horns of one of the boldest champions, he seized him by the nape of the neck, with teeth and claws. The weight of the tiger nearly drew the buffalo to the ground: a most fearful contest ensued. Amid roars and groans, the furious victim dragged his fierce assailant round and round the arena, while the other buffaloes, striving to liberate their comrade, inflicted on the foe formidable wounds with their sharp and massive horns. Deep silence reigned among the audience; each spectator watching in breathless suspense to mark the issue of the combat, and at the same time the fate of a few unhappy monkeys, which, constrained, as if in mockery, to witness the bloody scene, looked down at first with indescribable terror from the tops of their poles, but when these were violently shaken by the horns of the buffaloes, fell down as if dead, and lay extended at full length, with the utmost resignation expecting their end, without making the least attempt to avert it.

Two other tigers, somewhat inferior in size, were now, with great difficulty, driven into the battle-field, while the struggle still continued. Nothing, however, could induce them to make an attack in any quarter: they paced slowly round the scene, rubbing themselves, cat-like, against the wall, as they moved, whenever the buffaloes, which without regarding them were ever and anon goading their adversary with their horns, approached nearer to them. But now the dread tiger received a thrust upon his ribs which forced him to quit his hold: he fell with violence, and then slunk timidly into a corner. Thither he was pursued by the buffalo, rendered furious by his mangled neck; and was made the butt of many a vengeful blow and thrust, while he merely betrayed his pain by the hideous contortions of his mouth, not making the least movement in self-defence.

Here is

A RECEPTION AT NEPAUL.

We dismounted and were conducted within the marquee: but we had scarcely seated ourselves when the arrival of the Nepaulese minister—Martabar Singh (Magnanimous Lion)—was announced. His appearance was like the rising sun; clothed entirely in gold tissue, resplendent with emeralds, pearls, and diamonds, and so fragrant of sandalwood oil and otto of roses that it almost suffocated one. On the breast he wore three large plates of gold covered with insignia and inscriptions, the badges of his dignity; round his neck hung thick strings of pearls; his head-dress was the flat turban of Nepaul, made of Chinese brocade, studded with pearls, and surmounted by a bird of paradise; his ears were adorned with hoops of gold, and his arms and each of his fingers were encircled with brilliants. He was mounted on a tall white steed with blue cockades and golden trappings.

Such was the picture presented by Martabar Singh, Minister and Generalissimo of the kingdom of Nepaul; of proud and stately mien, tall, handsome, and corpulent, with a keen and lively eye, a small aquiline nose, a magnificent black beard, and long raven hair. He was immediately followed by two of his sons, arrayed in every colour of the rainbow. Next to them appeared Dill Bickram Thappa,—gorgeous and shining beyond what we had ever seen him before; and Djung Bahadur, a kinsman of the Rajah,—a man of very intelligent countenance, by far the most educated and agreeable of them all: he too was overloaded with superb silken stuffs, with pearls and glittering arms. Twenty or more officers, equipped in simple red and white uniforms, some of whom were veterans with silvery beards, though still vigorous and strong, brought up the rear of the procession. Martabar Singh advanced to meet the Prince; first made a most graceful "salam," then, stepping forward about two paces, bowed himself over the left, then over the right shoulder of the object of his salutations, in a way similar to what is practised in embraces on the stage; a second salam and a retreating step concluded the ceremony, which each of our party was in his turn obliged to undergo. His sons too, and the officers, all performed it with the same formal solemnity; the whole operation occupying as you may imagine a considerable time.

The visit to the Himalayas is, perhaps, the most exciting part of the narrative. Here is a graphic sketch of

A PASS IN THE HIMALAYAS.

When, after long delays, the whole train of Coolies was at last assembled at this point, the guides, who meanwhile had been exploring, with a view to our onward march, returned with the assurance that it was impossible to advance farther in the same direction, recent avalanches having formed a perpendicular precipice of from five to six hundred feet. We satisfied ourselves by ocular demonstration of the truth of their assertion: the snow-field had fallen off abruptly towards the hollow on the opposite side. How then were we now to descend, with our half-dead Coolies, into this profound abyss? No expedient remained for us but to clamber in a westerly direction over the cone, and

thence to endeavour by traversing frightfully steep banks of snow and ice, to effect a descent. We set out on the march; and had scarcely gained the highest point when a chill and soaking mist, gradually changing into a violent hail-shower, enveloped us in a gloom so dense that the pioneers of our long train were altogether cut off from the rest. Every thing, however, conspired to make us earnestly desirous of reaching the foot of the mountain with the least possible delay; for the day was already on the decline, and it would have been utterly impracticable to pursue amid the perils of darkness a march itself so replete with danger. As little could we, without risking our lives, spend the night on these heights. Our guides themselves, apparently anxious and perplexed, were urged forward with the impatience of despair.

We arrived in safety at the base of the first snowy steep; but here we found that the lowest, and unfortunately also the most abrupt declivity, consisted of a smooth mass of ice, upon the existence of which we had by no means calculated. We forthwith began, axe in hand, to hew steps in it. It was a painfully tedious operation; and while engaged in our fatiguing labour, we were obliged, hanging over a giddy abyss, to cling fast with our feet and our left hands, lest we should lose our hold and slide down to the bottom. This did, indeed, all but happen to the Prince himself; his pole, however, furnished with a very strong iron tip, checked his fall. I, too, slipped, and darted down to a considerable distance; but, fortunately, with the aid of my "alpenstock," I contrived, in spite of its point being broken off, to keep myself in an upright position. Thus the Prince and I, accompanied by the guides, arrived prosperously at the end of the ice, and reached a less dangerous surface of snow; but not a creature had followed us, and the thick rimy snow that darkened the atmosphere, prevented us from casting a look behind towards our lost companions and attendants. One of the guides was sent back in quest of them; and it turned out that the Coolies had refused to descend by this route. Neither money nor cudgelling seemed now to be of the least avail.

At length the snowy shower somewhat abated; the curtain of mist opened for a moment; and we descried, standing in a line on the crest of the ridge from which we had descended an hour before, the whole array of Coolies. Not one of them could muster resolution to venture upon the icy way; they looked down in despair. When they perceived us standing below, a few of the most courageous urged on by Count O—— with voice and stick, at length agreed to follow in our steps. They got on pretty well as far as the smooth icy precipice; but here several of them lost their firm footing, and slid down the steep ascent with their heavy burdens on their backs. It was a frightful scene, and to all appearance full of danger; not one of them, however, met with any injury: even Mr. Brown, whose shooting descent from the highest part filled us with terror, as he slid down a distance of at least a hundred feet into a crevasse, in which he was apparently engulfed, was at last brought to us safe and sound, with the exception of considerable excoriation and torn raiment. It cost half an hour, however, to hew a long flight of steps for him in this icy wall. During all these proceedings, which occupied more than an hour, the Prince and I were standing at the foot of the declivity, up to our knees in snow, exposed to a freezing blast and to incessant sleet: but most heartily were we rejoiced when at length all our people were gathered around us, without one broken neck or limb. The Coolies had latterly given up the attempt to scramble down the fatal precipice of ice, and had glided down *à la montagne Russe*, abandoning themselves to their fate.

The remainder of our downward way was through half-melted snow, and unattended with any considerable danger, until we arrived at the top of a mound of travelled blocks about three hundred feet in height, by which we must needs descend to reach the glen below. Here our Coolies seemed to lose every spark of courage; some howled and wept aloud, others threw themselves prostrate with their

faces on the ground. What was now to be done? Who could have brought himself, in such circumstances to have recourse to blows with these poor suffering creatures. Our last expedient to bring them to their legs again was to relieve them of all the baggage, each one of our party carrying a share of the load on his own shoulders. It was no very arduous undertaking; for the most ponderous article, to wit our tent, we had been under the sad necessity, as it had become thoroughly wet and very heavy, of leaving on the summit of the ridge. This good example produced the desired effect; the bearers advanced immediately, and, with the exception of a few who were extremely ill, at a more lively pace: thus the joyful prospect opened upon us of reaching a night's quarter below the limit of perpetual snow.

Dr. HOFFMEISTER was much struck with

ENGLISH LIFE IN INDIA.

The manner of life, where every thing great and small is so artificially regulated, differs essentially from that usual among us at home. The open air is only to be endured till about nine, or at latest ten o'clock; an Englishman at least will never leave the house after that time of day. German constitutions, fresh from Europe, are not easily injured by the heat: I have frequently remained at my drawing, in the open air, till eleven o'clock, without suffering in consequence; although the danger of such an exploit was depicted before me in the most vivid colours. It is an inherent part of the English character to maintain steadfastly a belief once established: no one therefore ventures to go out of doors after nine in the morning, or before five in the evening; while, on the other hand, it is held to be quite allowable, and indeed a matter of course, to make a most substantial meal three times daily, and to drink a quantity of strong ale and fiery wine, as though no danger could possibly be apprehended from that quarter. In my opinion, it would be abundantly safe to take a little more exercise, even during the extreme heat; indeed, with a table so luxuriously supplied, it might doubtless be a most wholesome practice.

The contrivances to subdue the oppressive heats surprised him by their completeness and the novelty of the devices. Thus does English ingenuity carry on

THE WAR AGAINST AN INDIAN CLIMATE.

We entered Agra on the 7th of April; rejoiced at having hitherto escaped the noxious effects of the hot season in this climate, and not less so to find a shelter from its intensity in the ingenious construction of the dwellings here. It is difficult in the temperate climate of our German home to form any conception of the burning heat of a tropical sun. When in Agra, tempted by the artificial lowering of the temperature in the interior of our residence, we ventured after midday to take a short walk along the street, the sensation caused by first meeting a rushing stream of air heated up to 34° or 35° (109° or 111° Fahrenheit) was most startling. The pain felt in the nose resembled that caused by excessive cold, and a sort of shivering ran down the back. We were involuntarily impelled to betake ourselves to running, in order to reach the cool atmosphere of the first tatty or of the nearest shades. Immediately on re-entering after such an exposure to the heat any inhabited apartment—or I should rather say vault, for all the rooms are very lofty, and surmounted by domes, and light is admitted only by a small skylight—one is in danger of being struck with apoplexy, for a current of cold air flows upon one from all sides. A pair of bellows is at work, noiseless but ceaseless, behind each door; and over the heated crown of the entering guest, which, nevertheless, he is constrained to uncover, the weighty punkah is moved backwards and forwards so vehemently, that every hair is made to fly loosely about his head. At any rate, there is no doubt that to go out before evening is by no means advisable; coup-de-soleil or fever may not indeed be very frequent, but cough, catarrh, and toothache are the ordinary evils that result from such imprudence.

It is interesting to observe how inventive the necessities of the climate have here made man. How varied and ingenious are the methods he has devised in the internal arrangement of his domestic architecture for obtaining relief from the oppressive heat! A house such as the wealthy and distinguished British residents here occupy is generally a structure of considerable height, but of only one story, of a horseshoe form, with a colonnade in the centre; windows are altogether wanting; and the only doors are in the side-walls opening into a corridor, and screened by double hangings (coverlets of cotton cloth thickly wadded), beneath which every one that enters must bend, and thus creep in. The sitting-rooms in the side-wings of the mansion receive their light from above, or else through small bath-rooms, in which jars full of water are continually standing, and which have but one external entrance, and that closed up by means of a tatty-frame, kept always moist by having water poured perpetually upon it. All rooms that lie towards the west are cooled by an apparatus of this sort; for the sultry west wind is changed, by the rapid evaporation of the water—caused by the current of air flowing in—into an agreeably cool, and even occasionally into a cold breeze: it is therefore much easier to produce a moderate temperature within the dwelling when this hot wind blows, than when every breath is hushed, even though the heat in the open air may then be less intense.

Field Sports in the United States and the British Provinces of America. By FRANK FORESTER. In 2 vols. London: Bentley.

MR. FORESTER is an English gentleman who was prompted by his love for field sports to seek the excitement of novelty amid the less cultivated lands of the New World. He had anticipated abundance of sport, combined with the zest given to it by the consciousness that the game is really *feræ naturæ*, and not the sort of sham game which is "preserved" in England. Great was his surprise to find that even in the United States there are poachers and pot-hunters; that game is growing scarce, and that unless it be protected by law it must, ere long, be extinguished! Against a system of unlicensed shooting, inevitably leading to so calamitous a result, Mr. FORESTER appears to have wielded a vigorous argument through the columns of some of the American newspapers, and interlarding his protests with many anecdotes and reminiscences of his sporting experiences, partly for the purpose of attracting attention to his arguments, and partly to illustrate them, he has selected from these papers the most interesting of their contents, and added a further batch of sketches and anecdotes, and thus formed the two volumes before us.

The reader will be surprised to learn that America has very little of the *field game* for which England is so famous. The partridge is a species of grouse, and found in thick covers which the sportsman can with difficulty penetrate. The grouse is seen only in remote districts. The hare is not bigger than a rabbit. The best shooting is that of the woodcock and snipe, found in the marshy valleys and on the banks of the rivers. The wild-fowl shooting is also excellent, and plovers and landrails are plentiful. But even the ducks are scared away from many of the lakes by the inroads of civilisation.

WILD-FOWL ON THE LAKES.

In the Eastern and Midland States, unless on the borders of the great lakes, this sport of late years can hardly be said to exist at all. The birds are becoming rare and wild, and although still shot in sufficient numbers by the local gunners, on the streams of New Jersey, to supply the demands of the markets, they are not found numerous enough to justify the pursuits of the sportsman. Formerly

on the drowned lands of Orange county, on the meadows of Chatham and Pine Brook, on the Passaic and its tributaries, before the modern system of draining and embanking, hundreds, nay thousands of acres, were annually covered with shallow water at the breaking up of winter; and the inundated flats were literally blackened with the varieties of duck which I have heretofore enumerated, affording rare sport to the gunner, and alluring gentlemen from the larger cities to follow them with the canoe; in a day's paddling of which among the inundated groves and over the floated meadows, it was no unusual event, nor regarded in anywise as extraordinary good fortune, to kill a hundred fowl and upward of the different varieties; all of which, however, are alike in one respect, that they are all delicious eating. I have myself been in the habit of considering the summer duck as the most delicate and succulent food of the inland, as distinguished from the ocean ducks: but this, I believe, owing greatly, if not entirely, to its being the best fed of its genus in the regions wherein I have been wont to eat it; for I understand that on the great lakes, and in the Western country generally, the blue-winged teal is regarded as its superior in epicurean qualifications. All that kind of shooting is now at an end in this district of country; and although they still abound on the great lakes, along the Canada frontier, and Eastward in the British Provinces, the vast extent of those inland seas which they there frequent renders it impossible, or at least so difficult as to become irksome to take them, except by lying at ambush on points over which they fly, and on the woody margins of the forest-streams and inlets, which they frequent for the purpose of feeding and roosting. In such localities, where streams, debouching into the great lakes, flow through submerged and swampy woodlands, the ducks of all kinds are wont to fly regularly landward, in large plumps, or small scattered parties, for an hour or two preceding sun-down; and a good shot well concealed in such a place, with a good double-gun, loaded with No. 4 up to BB, as may be the nature of his ground and the species of his game, will frequently return from a single evening's expedition loaded with twenty or thirty couple of wild-fowl.

He thus describes the splendid creatures whose races are rapidly becoming extinct:—

"That such is the case, can be proved in a few words, and by reference to a few examples. The most evident, perhaps, of these, is the absolute extinction of that noble bird, the Heath-Hen, or Pinnated Grouse, *Tetrao Cupido*, on Long Island, where, within the memory of our elder sportsmen, they might be taken in abundance at the proper season, but where not a solitary bird has been seen for years. In the pines on the south-western shores of New Jersey, and in the oak-barrens of north-eastern Pennsylvania, the same birds were also plentiful within a few years; but now they are already *rare aves*; and, after a few more returns of the rapidly succeeding seasons, they will be entirely unknown in their old-accustomed places." The same thing is the case, in a yet greater degree, with regard to the Wild Turkey. It is not yet half a century since these birds, the noblest wild game of the Gallinaceous order, abounded on the slopes of the Warwick and Musconetcong Mountains; in the Shawangunks; and, in a word, throughout the whole length of the great chain which connects the White Mountains of the north with the Alleghanies proper. I have myself conversed with sportsmen, in the river counties of New York, who, in their boyhood, thought less of killing their half-dozen wild turkeys in the morning, than we should nowadays of bagging as many ruffed grouse. At present, with the exception of a few stragglers, which, I believe, still exist on the Connecticut, about the rocky steeps of Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke, and a single dove which are reported to be seen occasionally among the hill fastnesses at the lower end of the Greenwood Lake, on the frontiers of New York and New Jersey, none are to be found until we reach the western regions of Pennsylvania. And, in fact, as a bird of sport, they are not any where on the eastern side of the great

Apalachian chain. The deer and the greater American hare, which turns white in winter, are likewise already extinct in many places, where both could be captured, within the last twenty years, in such numbers as to afford both sport and profit to their pursuers. In New Jersey, and in New York, south of the forty-second degree of north latitude, with the exception of a small number carefully preserved on the brush-plains of Long Island, the deer, *Cervus Virginianus*, has ceased to exist. And it requires no prophetic eye to see the day when this pride of the North American forest shall have ceased to have its habitation any where eastward of Pennsylvania, unless it be in the remote northern forests of Maine, in the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, and in that small district of New York lying between the head waters of the Hudson, Lake Champlain, the St. Lawrence, and the eastern extremity of Ontario; which latter tract, owing to its singularly rugged and unproductive character, will probably contain the deer, the moose, the cariboo, the panther, and even the beaver, after they shall have become extinct, even in the far West.

This is lamentable, but the causes he assigns for it are, we trust, rather suggested by the imagination of the indignant sportsman, than realities.

The destruction of the smaller and more abundant species is to be attributed to different reasons; but the operation of these is more rapid and more fatal than those which have led to the extinction of the races we have mentioned. The first of these causes is the very singular, if not incomprehensible, characteristic of the people of the United States to disregard and violate all laws, even laws of their own making; the second, the apathy of the rural population with respect to game, and the error into which they have fallen of regarding all game laws as passed to their detriment, and for the pleasure of the dwellers in cities; the third is, the dishonest gluttony of all classes in the cities, with the exception of a few sportsmen; and the last, *horresco referens*, the selfishness and want of union among themselves of genuine sportsmen. With regard to the first of the reasons laid down here, it may be taken as a matter of fact that no man, boy, or fool in the country abstains from killing game, in or out of season, for fear of the law; and that no farmer or landholder will ever give information against the violation of this law, though so far as he is from being *non litigious*, that one of the principal pleasures of his life is the suing his neighbours for the smallest possible sums. The exceeding fondness of the population in general for recourse to civil, and their equally evident disregard of criminal law, is one of the phenomena of the country and the age in which we live. Secondly, the apathy of the farmer arises naturally enough from this—that all he has heard of game-laws in foreign lands is in connection with feudal rights, individual privileges, and nominal distinctions, which are certainly every where more or less vexatious, and in some places really injurious to classes; although far less so than Americans are led to believe by the demagogic orators and editors from whom they obtain their information on this topic, as on most others of the internal economy of foreign countries. It is needless to state that the game laws of the United States have no such bearing whatsoever; and are intended solely to protect the animals in question during the periods of nidification, incubation, and providing for the youthful broods.

But let us turn to a more pleasing topic; such, for instance, as this description of

SANDPIPER SHOOTING.

This sandpiper flies very swiftly, and when on the wing shews like a very large bird, owing to the great length of its sharp-pointed wings. At first sight, you would suppose it to be as large as a pigeon; although its body is not, in truth, very much larger than that of the common snipe, or intermediate between that and the woodcock; while the extent of its wings, from tip to tip exceed

either of these by nearly one-fourth. Like many other species of wild birds, the sandpiper is extremely cunning, and appears to be able to calculate the range of a fowling-piece with great nicety; and you will constantly find them sitting perfectly at their ease, until a few paces more would bring you within shot of them, and then rising, with their provoking whistle, just when you believe yourself sure of getting a crack at them. In the same manner they will circle round you, or fly past you, just out of gunshot, tempting you all the time with hopes that will still prove false, unless you have some such device as Eley's cartridges, by which to turn the shrewdness of this cunning little schemer to its own destruction. In Rhode Island, where alone the sport is now pursued systematically, the mode adopted is this: the shooter, accompanied by a skilful driver, on whom, by the way, the whole onus of the business rests, and to whom all the merit of success if attained is attributable, is mounted in what is termed in New England a *chaise*, that is to say, an old-fashioned gig with a top. In this convenience he kneels down, with his left leg out of the carriage, and his foot firmly planted on the step, holding his gun ready to shoot at an instant's notice. The driver, perceiving the birds as they are running and feeding on the open surface, selects one according to his judgment, and drives round it rapidly in concentric circles, until he gets within gunshot of it, and perceives by its motions that it will not permit a nearer approach. He then makes a short half turn from it, pulling the horse short up at the same instant; and at that very same instant, for the sandpiper rises invariably at the moment in which the chaise stops, the shooter steps out lightly to the ground, and kills his bird before it has got well upon the wing. In the timing of all this various work on the part of the driver and the gunner, there is a good deal of skill requisite, and of course a good deal of excitement. But the real sport and the real skill are both on the part of the driver; whose duty it is to deliver the marksman as nearly as possible to the game, yet never to run the thing so close as to allow the sandpiper to take the wing before he has pulled up. The difference in the judgment and skill of the drivers is immense; and there is one gentleman in New York, a well-known and old friend of the public, who is said to be so infinitely superior to all others, that the gun in his chaise, even if it be handled by an inferior shot, is sure to come off the winner. It is not unusual, I am told, to bag from twenty to twenty-five couple of these delicious birds in a day's sport in this manner; and I have heard of infinitely greater quantities being brought to bag.

He thus compares

RIFLE-SHOOTING IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

Some able writer, on this branch of shooting, has observed, I think very correctly, that the difference between American and European, *i.e.* Scottish or Tyrolean rifle-shooting, consists mainly in this,—that whereas the American marksman, with a ball no bigger than buckshot, or even smaller, will knock the eye out of a squirrel at sixty yards, where the European would probably miss the animal altogether—the latter, with his ounce bullet, will be nearly sure of a man, a red-deer, or a chamois, at three or four hundred yards, when the former would not so much as think of firing at it. This is true. He might, however, have added, that the European being compelled to shoot altogether in the open, while infinitely inferior to the American at still or sitting shots, and off rest, is often as far superior at animals in rapid motion. All these points can be traced to the circumstances of the case. Except on the prairies, where shooting is comparatively recent, the nature of the country precludes the possibility of long shots, since an animal can rarely be seen sixty yards off in the dense forests of America. The same dense covert gives facility for stealing on his game, and shooting it at rest, to the American hunter, which has led to his fabricating his weapon in that form which is best suited to a very sure, deliberate aim, at a short distance, rather than to rapid sighting and quick firing.

In the same manner, the difficulty of procuring ammunition, and of carrying a sufficiency of lead for the moulding of large bullets in distant and sparsely settled districts, afar from shops and civilisation, have led to the adoption of the small bore and tiny bullets, by which a few ounces of powder, and a single pound of lead, may be made to subsist a hunter during a whole year in the wilderness. The same cause has led to the habit of stealing warily upon the game, and never firing a shot until certain of a close and covered aim. This practice, however, like the rifle formed with regard to it, will not be found effective on the great open plains of the west, nor with any animal which must be hunted down by speed of foot, and shot while at speed, in lieu of being marked down by wary ambush; nor is this a mere theory of mine; for throughout the south and south-west, wherever the rifle is used in preference to the gun and buck-shot, the *yager*, as it is called, or short-barrelled, large-bored piece, is universally preferred; and on the prairies the ponderous, unwieldy, long pea-rifle is disused,—guns carrying less than thirty-five or forty to the pound being, as I am informed, at a discount.

SUMMER WOODCOCK-SHOOTING.

I have taken the opportunity of making these observations on dog-breaking and dog-hunting in this place, because in summer woodcock-shooting, above any other phase of the sport, an implicit obedience, great steadiness, and perfect stanchness is required in the dog. In quail or snipe shooting you can see your dog the greater part of the time: you can observe his every motion; and can usually, if you are quick-sighted and ready-witted, foresee when he is about to commit a fault in time to check him. In summer shooting, woe-betide you if you entertain so wild a hope. You hunt darkling, catching a sight of your four-footed companion only by snatches, often judging him to be on the point, because you have ceased to hear the rustle of his sinuous movement through the bushes; or because you have not seen his form gliding among the water-flags or fern so recently as you should have done, had he turned at his regular distance, and quartered his ground without finding game. It is not once in ten—nay, in twenty—times that you see him strike his trail, draw on it, become surer and stand stiff. You lose him for a moment, look for him where he ought to be, and find him because he is there, pointing as you expected. A step or two forward, with your thumb on the hammer, and the nail of your forefinger touching the inside of your trigger-guard. Still he stands steady as a rock; and you know by the glare of his fixed eye, and the frown of his steadfast brow, and the slaver on his lip, that the skulking cock is within ten feet of his nose, perhaps within ten inches. You kick the skunk cabbages with your foot, or tap the bunch of cat-briars with your gun-muzzle—and flip-flap up he jumps, glances, half-seen for a second, between the stems of the alder bushes, and is lost to sight among the thick foliage of their dark-green heads, before your gun-butt has touched your shoulder. But your eye has taken his line—the trigger is drawn, the charge splinters the stems, and brings down a shower of green leaves, and among them you fancy that you have seen an indistinct something falling helplessly earthward—that you have heard the thud of his tumble on the moist ground. Nevertheless, anxious although you be, and doubtful of your own success, you stir not from the spot. At the report of the gun, your dog couched instantly; you can scarcely see him, so closely has he charged among the water-grass, with his nose pressed into the very earth between his paws. You drop your butt upon the toe of your boot if the ground be very wet, and begin to load, rapidly, yet coolly and deliberately. Yes! you have killed him; you may see the feathers floating yonder, in the still murky air of the windless swamp. You half-cock your locks, and apply the caps; and, expectant of the coming order, Don lifts his nose wistfully. "Hold up, seek dead!" and carefully, gingerly, as if he were treading upon eggs, knowing as well as you do that the bird is dead, and knowing pretty well where he is, at a slow trot,

moving his nose from this side to that, snuffing the tainted air, and whipping his flanks with his feathered stern, he draws onward at a slow trot. Now he has caught the scent, he straightens his neck, quickens his pace a little, decidedly and boldly, and stands firm. "Good dog: fetch." He stoops, picks up the dead bird by the tip of the wing only, and brings him, without ruffling a feather. How conscious, how happy, how perfectly aware that he has merited your approbation, that you have both played your parts handsomely, as he hands you the trophy!

These will suffice to exhibit the sort of entertainment to be expected from the reminiscences of Mr. FRANK FORESTER.

A Visit to the Western Coast of Norway. By W. WITTICH. London: C. Cox.
[SECOND NOTICE.]

VERY peculiar are the features of the

NORWEGIAN VALLEYS.

As most of these gentlemen had seen a great deal of their own country, though none had travelled far from it, I had an opportunity of collecting many facts relating to this subject. They all agreed that the valleys of Norway resembled one another greatly, except in length and width. They appear to be nothing but rents or chasms, narrow at the bottom, but not much wider at the top, their upper opening, between the edges of the mountains which enclose them, being frequently not twice as wide as the bottom, and their sides consequently very steep. At no place in this part of Norway is a valley to be found in the shape of a basin or trough, surrounded by gently sloping acclivities. In the interior of the country the valleys are exceeding narrow and deep. Their bottoms are frequently not a hundred yards wide, and rarely more than two hundred across; and these narrow glens are enclosed by rocks which rise to three thousand and even four thousand feet and more. Their bottoms are, besides, thickly strewn with large stones and fragments of rock, similar to those we had seen in the valley of the Voring Foss. In this way very little space remains which can be made available for the production of food for man or beast, and therefore settlements are rarely to be met with in these narrow glens. Towards the sea-coast the valleys are much wider, but even there few are to be found whose bottom exceeds a mile. The lower portion of their declivities is less steep, forming, commonly, a slope varying between fifty deg. and forty deg. so as to be accessible. This slope, however, is rarely of one piece with the rocks to which it is attached, but consists mostly of single pieces of rock and *débris*, which have been detached from the sides of the mountains, and lodged at their bases. It is commonly overgrown with stunted birch, which at some places has been removed, wherever the soil has been found fertile enough for the production of grass. But above this slope the rocks rise with such a steep ascent, as to prevent the earthy particles from being lodged on their surface. Therefore they are entirely devoid of trees, bushes, or grass, and no traces of vegetation are observed, with the exception of a few lichens. In these valleys nearly all the agricultural settlements of the country are found. The bottom, though comparatively narrow, and also at some places encumbered with loose pieces of rock, frequently affords considerable tracts, which are made available for cultivation, or converted into meadows. As the mountains enclosing these wider valleys are rarely so elevated as to rise beyond the line of vegetation, the more level portions of their upper surface are in summer clothed with grass, which affords pasture for cattle during four or five months of the year. But these mountains are of such extent, that in this part of Norway they occupy more than nineteen-twentieths of the country. This disproportion between these elevated mountains and the extent of the valleys, is the true reason why Norway is more thinly inhabited than any other country in Europe.

He speculates upon this subject with singular acumen and ingenuity:—

The different form of the valleys in the Alps and in the Norwegian Mountains is evidently owing to the different structure of the mountains themselves. The Alps are not one continuous mountain-mass, but an assemblage of several single masses, which have the form of ridges or chains, and are connected at one of their extremities. The Norwegian Mountains, on the contrary, are what is called an elevated table-land, which consists not of single chains, but of one uninterrupted mass of rocks. Many of the ridges of the Alps extend parallel to one another, but others diverge gradually from the point where they are connected, so that the distance between two of them increases by degrees. The intervening spaces are the valleys, which, between the ridges sink so deep, that in many cases their bottoms are not much more elevated above the sea-level than the country on which the whole mountain-system is placed. Thus the Alps, if a bird's-eye view of the whole system is taken, consist of a succession of ridges and valleys. The most elevated part of the mountains and the bottoms of the valleys are of comparatively small width, and the intervening slope descends with a certain degree of regularity, and occupies a much larger space than either the top of the mountains or the bottom of the valleys. I should almost venture to assert that both the mountains and the valleys are of equal dimensions; but with this difference, that the widest part of the mountains is directed towards the surface of the earth, and found at their base, whilst that of the valleys is directed towards the sky, and found between the crest of the ridges which enclose them. If this idea has any foundation in the structure of that mountain-system, the Alps may be compared to the pointed roofs of the houses of an Alpine town. A widely different form, however, characterises the Norwegian Mountains. They are one piece of rock several hundred miles in length, and between one hundred and one hundred and fifty miles in width. The central portion of this extensive table-land lies near the snow-line, and presents an almost level plain, being only diversified here and there by hills, rising commonly some hundred feet above their base; a few a thousand feet and more. On the level part, occasionally flat and shallow depressions of considerable dimensions are met with, but these have not such a form and depth as to be entitled to the name of valleys. In proceeding from these central parts to the east or west, the table-land decreases somewhat in elevation, but very slowly. It forms as it were a gentle declivity, which extends to its very edges, where at once it breaks down and descends with a rugged but nearly vertical surface into the depths of the sea. These outer portions of the table-land are cut by valleys, having the shape of rents, and are very narrow and deep. Towards the east where the table-land is contiguous to the more level part of Southern Norway, the bottoms of these valleys do not sink down to the level of the sea, but are several hundred feet above it. But on the west, towards the ocean, they descend to such a depth as to sink far below the sea-level, and this lower part is of course filled with water. The conformation of these lower portions of the table-land with their narrow glens, I should compare to a town having very high houses with flat roofs, and very narrow streets.

This is a sketch of

ALPINE SCENERY IN NORWAY.

When, on the following morning, we looked out of the window of the room in which we had passed the night, we were struck by one of the most majestic views which ever met the eyes of men. Scenes of sublimity, of the most elevated description, were displayed before our eyes. The Romsdals Horn, which stands nearly in the middle of this scenery, is certainly the most striking object. This gigantic horn is placed on a pedestal of widely spreading rocks, perhaps not less than 3,500 feet above the sea-level, and it rises above it, if I may venture an estimate, about 500 feet, or to the elevation of the largest of the pyramids of Egypt. Its isolated position attracts involuntarily the eyes of the spectator, and its bold form excites the ad-

miration as often as it is looked at. We found it difficult to turn our eyes from it, and it appeared to us that the impression it made on our senses and minds was not diminished by becoming familiar with it. On the north-west of the horn are the Vengestinde mountains, of great extent, which rise higher than the summit of the horn, and exhibit a not less interesting but less striking view. If they were not lying so near the horn, they would attract the undivided attention of the looker on, and exclusively excite his admiration. Their upper line, when seen from the shores of Iis Fiord, and from the fiord itself, has some resemblance to the indentations of a saw, as it consists of a succession of sharp-pointed peaks or narrow edges of rocks; and the depressions between them are not dissimilar to wedges in form. The upper declivity of these rocky masses corresponds with the extraordinary form of the outline. It is furrowed by numberless cuts, lying close to each other, and resembling narrow and deep rents, whilst the rocks between them terminate in wedge-shaped backs or sharp points. How deeply these features are impressed on these rocks you may infer from the circumstance that they are distinctly visible from a distance of two miles, though 2,000 feet and more elevated above the sea. Nothing is to be discovered at all approaching to a rounded form or gentle slope; the eye meets with nothing but sharp angles, and steep, nearly perpendicular, declivities. Whilst looking at them I could not help wondering that the atmospheric moisture, which certainly must be great in such a latitude and along a coast exposed to frequent gales, has not been able, in the lapse of so many centuries, to wear off these hard features, and to soften them into more gentle forms. The lower declivity of the Vengestinde is not nearly so abrupt. Though rather steep, the slope appears to have almost every where an inclination which permits the earthy deposit to lodge on its surface, and to find support; for this portion of the mountains is in almost all its extent overgrown with forests of fir. We even thought we could discover some habitations of men and a few cleared apots in this woody region. On the upper surface of the Vengestinde we observed several places where the depressions between the peaks were still filled with snow, which also covered the north-western base of the Romsdals Horn. These splendid white masses rendered the dark rock dispersed between them, and their strange forms, still more conspicuous.

By way of relief from these stern pictures of Nature in her wildest places, we will introduce a rural picture which will be novel to English farmers:—

SMOKING OUT THE FROST.

When, on the 21st of August, we had fairly entered the valley, and were travelling rather late in the evening, we observed, when it had become dark, a great number of fires dispersed over the level portion of the valley and over some of the lower declivities. This sight excited our surprise, but on inquiry we were informed that these fires had been lighted by the farmers to prevent the destructive effects of the night-frost on the crops, which were still standing and partly green. We were told that such night-frosts occur almost every year towards the end of August, and, when the weather is calm, that the plants are nipped, and the crops by two or three successive night-frosts entirely destroyed, if the farmers do not light fires, by the thick smoke of which the noxious effects of the frost are averted. This has commonly, but not always, the desired effect. In the instance before us it was but partial; for when on the next morning we continued our journey, we found the ground covered with a thick coating of rime, and many people were cutting the barley, though it was not yet quite ripe. The corn had suffered by the last night's frost, and they feared that the whole crop would be destroyed, while standing, if it were exposed to another night's frost. After having cut the green corn, they place the sheaves on stakes of wood, exposed to the full effects of the sun's rays, where the corn soon attains the state of complete ripeness, and is not subject to be damaged by night frosts.

Here is another equally curious contrivance:—

IRRIGATION BY SNOW.

By a curious contrivance they have succeeded in converting the great quantity of snow which annually falls in this valley into a source of fertilisation. For that purpose they erect on the slopes of the hills and mountains low and short hedges of sticks, behind which, in winter, the drift-snow accumulates to a great depth. These large and compact masses resist for a much longer time the dissolving power of the sun's rays, than the slight covering of snow which is spread over the open country. At the back of the hedges large lumps of snow are still found, when the other parts of the valley have been free from snow for several weeks. Whilst these lumps are dissolving by a slow process, the sandy and dry soil has sufficient time for imbibing all the moisture resulting from this melting, and thus it continues in a moist state until the corn has attained such a height that it can prevent the evaporation of that portion of moisture which is still required to bring the crops to maturity. At several places we observed eight or ten of such hedges running parallel to each other, and only a few yards apart. Before I saw these contrivances, I had formed the opinion that many parts of northern Europe, which have a soil consisting of sand or gravel, would be mere wastes if they were not fertilised by the heavy falls of snow in winter, but I had never observed at any place any artificial means employed for economising this source of fertility. Yet I should think that at many other places similar means could be practised with great advantage to the crops.

Even so early as the month of August winter had begun, and this was then the order of

NORWEGIAN TRAVELLING.

We had to put over our boots another pair made of sheepskin, and over our heads a large cap made of the same material; the latter was provided with two lappets, of which one was tied under the chin, and the other under the nose, and extended over our foreheads to the eyebrows, so that nothing was uncovered except the eyes themselves. Our hands were not forgotten. We were obliged to put on a pair of gloves of immense size. They were also made of sheepskin, and so large that they reached over the elbows nearly to the shoulders, and they were tied together by a thong on our backs. Having in this way secured the extremities from the effects of the cold, the whole equipment was completed by a large wolfskin tied round our bodies. When we were thus fully arrayed, we could not help laughing at each other; for we appeared to have entirely lost the shape of human beings. We certainly much more resembled the Esquimaux in their full winter dress, than any person living on our own happy island. It was rather late when we left Fogstuen. Snow still continued to fall, but it was not heavy, and we were able to distinguish objects at a small distance. Two or three times we got sight of the great mountain called the Sneehatten (Hat of Snow), which was on the west of our road. We proceeded more rapidly than yesterday, the sledges being light and the horses in good condition, and the road good and level. It continued in the same wide and level valley through which we had gone the day before, and we passed with safety over the ice of three or four small lakes; though I confess that I was not quite free from fear, when I observed the ice bending under the weight of the horses, so that it appeared that we went up hill; but it did not break. On the level ground surrounding these lakes were some thickets of birch and alder, but they had already been bereft of their summer dress by the frost, and were partially buried under the snow.

Mr. WITTICH concludes with a tribute to the hospitality of the Norwegians, and a hearty recommendation of their country to the tourist. He had visited almost every part of Europe, and he says, "When I now, at the close of my travels, recall the pleasure I have

enjoyed in this country, mostly derived from its extraordinary scenery, I do not hesitate to assert that no country in Europe recompenses the traveller more amply for the fatigues he undergoes in visiting it, than the western coast of Norway."

FICTION.

Amynone: a Romance of the Days of Pericles.

By the Author of "Azath the Egyptian."

In 3 vols. London, 1848. Bentley.

THE boldness of this second attempt, by a young lady who numbers scarcely twenty years, to depict and resuscitate as it were the men and manners of the ancient world, produces only less surprise than that we feel at the manner in which she has executed her daring design. Miss LYNN, for she no longer conceals her name, turning from the Egyptians, to whom her first romance was devoted, now seeks to embody the spirit and manner of life in Greece at the age of PERICLES. But, while we are amazed that she should have succeeded even to such an extent as undoubtedly she has done, we must admit that it is altogether a less pleasing and less perfect performance than the picture of ancient Egypt. Probably the reason is, that the latter is less familiar to our imaginations, and the authoress was enabled to wield the privilege accorded to novelists, to fashion the picture according to her own fancy, without the danger of hostility from previously formed notions in the minds of her readers. Dealing with Greece, she is judged after a different fashion. Every body knows something about Greece, if only the recollections of his school tasks; every body has formed in his own mind some notion more or less correct of what sort of men the Grecians were, and what sort of place Athens was; and how her people clothed and lived. She was not, therefore, permitted the same licence for her fancy as when treating of Egypt. This has tamed her fire and visibly cramped her pen. She writes with a consciousness that every reader will be a critic, if not competent to detect actual errors, at least certain to exclaim against her classical acquirements if she should paint any thing different from their particular conceptions of it.

Probably it was this that induced Miss LYNN to make her characters modern, while all about them is antique. Their talk is that of our century, not of their own: their ideas are of this year of grace, 1848, and not of the era in which they are supposed to be uttered. It is, in fact, an English drama acted in Greece. Hence it is wanting in substance and reality, and does not absorb the reader's interest as it ought to do. We are conscious that it is an invention—the people who move before us are not of flesh and blood, but waxen puppets, exquisitely contrived and cleverly moved by strings held by the authoress. She introduces PERICLES and SOCRATES, ASPASIA and ALCEBIADES, PHIDIAS and SOPHOCLES, and endeavours, with uncommon skill, to give full-length portraits of them. But the plot is not well constructed—the incidents are not numerous, nor exciting, nor probable; her *forte* is description, and in that she excels. It is for its isolated scenes, and not for its charms as a narrative, that this romance will be read. We could not give a fitter instance of her careful study of the times of PERICLES than the following description of

THE COUNTRY HOUSE OF AN ATHENIAN NOBLE.

Not far from Athens, about an hour's easy ride from the Acropolis, stood the large farm or country house of Crethon, the Athenian noble. It was a simple, unpretending dwelling of unburnt brick, its

only ornament being a rude wooden portico, used as a framework for the matting of sweet-scented flowers which climbed up the slender columns and wound through the open lattice-work. The roof was flat, formed of large beams laid on without cement; though the pointed roof was the latest, as the most elegant fashion; but the old Eupatrid was emphatically one of the conservative school, and it mattered little to him who adopted or invented changes; for in the cut of his kiton and the fashion of his worship, alike, he walked in the hallowed ways of his forefathers, and turned aside neither for custom nor for gain. The house, embowered in its own grove of silver firs, olives, Pelasgian laurels, fruit trees, and flowering shrubs, stood on the first ascent of Mount Hymettos, to the south of Athens. It faced the north; the favourite aspect for farms when situate on hill sides. Not far off was the fountain of Callia, with its graceful temple of Aphrodite to sanctify its spring; and beautifully the tall Ionic columns gleamed out from among the dark and shining green, fit architectural types of the lovely goddess they enshrined! For all things, both of Nature and Art, possess a harmony and a likeness with each other by which they become transcripts, so to speak, in the different spheres of their being. It was a beautiful thought, that of building up a shrine to the Mother of Love in this fair spot of earth. It was one among many proofs of the Hellene's belief in the intimate connection between physical and spiritual life, between earth and heaven, NATURE and GOD. And wherever there was a greener plot, a wider-spreading tree, or brighter fountain bubbling up through the moss, rose some small fane or altar to the nymphs, or rustic gods, or bright Olympian deities: the Grecian speech of thankfulness for the beauties of nature, which are earth's true divinities. From the gardens of Crethon's villa might be seen the mighty city. Athens, the place of earth's noblest sons, the hearts from whence flowed out her bravest blood; Athens, which was civilised while Arcadia still offered up human sacrifices, where hospitality became almost proverbial, and which, fostered under Cecrops and perfected under Pericles, was now the grandest city beneath the Sun-god's rays. The very stirring of her plane and olive trees was visible in the clear dawn; the hum of her countless life might be heard through the still air. There stood the Acropolis with her statues, shrines, and offerings; with her glorious temples, the noblest yet to come. But though no Propylea as yet opened their brazen gates to the thronging multitude, no Parthenon, replacing and surpassing the ancient Hecatompedon, as yet enclosed the virgin goddess in all its finished splendour, yet the Erechtheion held within its Ionic circle the mystic statue of the Athene Polias, that form of the city's guardian which fell from heaven, as a sign from Zeus of favour and of love; and the rising sun kissed the lips of the Phoebos and Pheidias. The Pandrosion, with its graceful portico of panathenaic caryatides, contained the sacred olive-tree which Athene produced when she contended with Poseidon for the honour of being that city's protector; also the holy fount which the sea-god caused to flow at his bidding when he smote the earth in anger at Jove's daughter. The olive-tree had been burnt by the Persians, and apparently destroyed; but, lo! the next night it had sprouted forth more verdant and vigorous than before; a sign of the indestructibility of that which comes from the gods, a mark of the immortality of a life whose roots are in heaven! It was the parent of the twelve sacred trees in the groves of the Academia, near the temple of Athene; and these again produced the olives in the Cephisian plain, which in their turn produced all that grew in Attica. Little wonder then that stringent law, which proclaimed death to him who, without sufficient reason, should hew one of Attica's olive-trees to the ground! The Erechtheion was not only wonderful for its beauty of construction; it contained not only that blackened Zeus-given statue, but the bones of Erechthonios, whose birth was so mysterious and inexplicable, reposed beneath its sod; the golden lance, with its asbestos wick of Carpasian flax, which, once supplied with oil, could burn for a whole year round, and the brazen palm-

branch suspended above it to serve as a funnel for the smoke, both made by the young artist Calimachos, but honoured from their perfectness as if hallowed by time; the folding-stool of Daidalos; the strange old Pelagic statue of Hermes before the door, now hidden in myrtle boughs; were the oldest or most beautiful things which the sanctuary of Athene Polias contained. Add to these the sacred serpent, mysterious emblem of an elder worship, and the silver-footed throne of the Persian king, taken at Salamis; and it might well be said to contain the most splendid as the most mystic trophies of the spiritual and worldly dominion of Athens. If art had done little for Crethon's simple dwelling, nature had given her all, prolonging the keen joys of childhood even through manhood and through age. This young morning of Munychion was scented with no rich perfume of Arabia, no languid incense steeped the soul in its intoxication, overpowering the senses with that dreamy voluptuousness which leaves neither power for thought nor will for action; but newly-cut hay, large beds of thyme over which the bees were droning their murmuring hum, heaps of clover freshly cropped, roses, violets, narcissuses, oleanders, jasmene, primroses, and honeysuckles, all vied which should pour most sweet perfume, nature's dearest incense, on the air. Oh! one breath of that fresh May morning, fraught with such innocent and intense pleasures, was better than ages passed in the voluptuous delights of a luxurious city. Nature has good gifts in store for her darlings and they who worship her aright may kiss them from her hands at will, and treasure them in their hearts, if they be earnest, simple, and loving, to bring forth a future of serenity that shall never fail. Two small altars were in the court; one was dedicated to Hermes, the other to that god whose statue Miltiades had placed for gratitude below the rock of the Acropolis, the Arcadian Pan who had wrought so well for Athenian glory at Marathon. Behind lay the garden, yard, and meadows, filled with favourite plants and flowers for the bees, ponds and enclosures for the fowls, sweet herbage for the cattle, and plots of clover, and of richer grass for the milch-cows. Here were no beds of useless flowers trimly kept and carefully nurtured; but the daisies, oxlips, buttercups, and violets, the creeping speedwell and the golden cowslip that studded the grass, came there, scattered from the full lap of an unheeded nature, given by the very gods to be the solace and the companions of men. The undulations of the ground were covered with a tapestry of thyme and other low growing herbs; and all about were plants that might have bloomed on Mount Helicon itself, their powers of healing were so divine. But no roses paled by art, no virgin lily blushing like a youthful Bacchante from the red wine in which it had been steeped, no strangely shaped fruits, deformed, grotesque, and travestied at will, mocked their original loveliness. Two large citron-trees, in common jars, whose foliage shaded the portico and strayed along the flat roof were the only copies of that modern luxuriousness now so common, which Crethon had adopted. One of those to whom Solon was as a god, and his laws divine decrees, whose blood had warmed at the history of the Marathonian field, that latest of earth's days wherein gods had fought for men, and heroes had been canonised to glory, whose hand had been raised at Salamis, fighting side by side with Æschylus, he regarded the present generation, with all its art, beauty, poetry, and refinement, as degenerate from the true glory of Attica, and lower than the renown of the past. And he would not have exchanged his simple and conservative life for all the gold of Pactolos, for all the silver of Laurion, were they to be gained by adoption of the present progressive system, which seemed to him effeminate in its object and blasphemous in its career. Sheds facing the north were filled with the high-bred horses of Thessaly, the large strong steeds from the Median country, and fine brood mares from Elis; with draught mules, asses, oxen, and cattle for the knife, sleek young heifers which had brought forth young once into the world. The duck-ponds were netted over for the better preservation of the rarer breeds;

the same precaution was used for the wild birds of the woods and marshes, which had been captured, as Midas the Phrygian captured the satyr, by pouring wine into their springs. The most valuable of the barn-door fowl had come from Egypt, and were wholly black; they were protected from evil and magic by the juice of certain herbs, and were rendered prolific by the green leaves of the cystus, which were mingled with their food. Large cages, or rather rooms, were crowded with beautiful singing-birds, dove-cots were filled with their gentle ashen-coloured broods; and peacocks, pheasants, and all kinds of foreign birds were kept in shrubberies, artificial islands, or closed pens. Add to these the apiaries, or bee-worlds, and Crethon's farm was a very mine of rural wealth and luxury. * * The house was entered by a porch; but no crabbed porter-slave chained to his settle, nor fierce dog crouching in his kennel, denied the visitor entrance; and instead of "Beware the dog," these words, "Ye are welcome," were placed above the door. The chambers were furnished simply, but substantially. The hangings were native Athenian; the carpets plain and few; the furniture of rude construction. There were no banquetting-rooms round a spacious court; no chambers for revellers, jesters, parasites, and hetairai; but the rooms were appropriated for spinning and carding the wool piled up in them, for containing dried figs, grapes, and olives, dressed and untanned skins, cheese, corn, apples, and winter herbs, hams from Cyrene and Phrygia, melons strung in festoons, and vegetables hung up to dry. In Crethon's eyes they were of more worth than the masterpieces of Pheidias or Panainos! Admirably in union with this scene was the owner of these possessions; and only so much the more strongly marked in him was the simplicity which he had preserved in all about him. He had long since left Athens, disgusted with political life when the foundations of the venerable Hill of Mars were sapped, and the court over which Athens herself had once presided was destroyed by the democratic movement. Since then he had always resided on his farm; and old age found him there, a brave, upright, and honourable man; and time seemed to hallow him, not deface. His very faults were virtues, and belonged to his age and antique nobleness; and he had done ill to have bartered them for more modern or more dazzling good. His dress was plain and of antiquated fashion. He wore a long kiton of white linen, in spite of the example of Pericles, who had introduced, as more convenient and manly, the short woollen Doric shirt, using it merely as an under garment, whereas with Crethon it was his only robe, except when travelling. It was bordered with a purple stripe, and had but one sleeve; his left arm was bare, brawny, and muscular as it still was. It was fastened round his loins by a girdle concealed in the overlapping of the cloth. Over this kiton was now flung his himation, or blanket, as he was about to commence a journey. He wore simple wooden sandals, fastened with two leathern straps; his hair fell to his shoulders, confined by a small fillet or head-band, and his waving beard descended low upon his breast.

We add the brilliant sketch of

ASPASIA.

Near to where she had seated herself reclined a fair, pretty, languid girl, almost too young to be a matron, and yet inadmissible here if still a virgin. Her gold-coloured hair glittered with aureate dust, and sparkled with the jewelled pins set in among the trim curls; her brow was bound with the loveliest of the early flowers; her arms, and hands, and neck were covered with gems; and her robe was of the thinnest and richest materials, at once diaphanous and gorgeous. That vain languor in the turn of her head spoke the expensive, mindless, but lovely wife of Xanthippos; and Anymone, as she met those blue eyes with their affected laziness and real coquetry, could not but acknowledge that at least one of the partisans to her cause was of little worth for truth!

The entrance-door to the woman's palace again

opened, and Aspasia entered. Majesty softened by grace, dignity beautified by love, a charm not only from form and face, but rather from character and mind, all these were visible in gait and gest, as she slowly moved towards the seat assigned her; for there is a mysterious union or harmony between the mind and body, by which the one is expressed in the other, even in the most trifling acts and ways. Her cheek was pale as Anymone's, but without the rigid fixity which gave hers so stern an expression; and yet underneath that pallor might be seen the course of the pure blood, as it mantled, even at thought, to her brow; for Aspasia's thoughts were the sensations of colder natures. And when this blush came upward, it lent her cheek the same fresh glow as is seen upon the cheek of infancy, or when the wood-nymph laughs from behind the trees, panting from the chase, or when the maiden rises from the fount of Arethusa, beautified to a goddess by the virtue of its waves. Every thing, most warm, most pure, most fresh, yet faint, and delicate, might serve as types for that swift, fleeting, tender blush on sweet Aspasia's brow. Her kiton was of plain white linen, pure and spotless; and the diploidion which covered her matchless bosom was of the same, bordered with one narrow band of purple, of the famous Lydian tint. A girdle confined both beneath her bosom; but the overhanging plaits concealed the zone that seemed to possess all the magic of Aphrodite's cestus, in the power of love which the Milesian possessed. Her himation, or shawl, was of fine white wool, with a deep bordering of Lydian purple. Her hands were hidden, and her arms, bared to the shoulder where the robes were fastened with broad gold clasps, were bound, just above the elbow, with bands of lithe gold twining round without hasp or stay. Her dark hair was plainly gathered beneath a narrow golden fillet, falling low upon the neck behind in a mass of waving, more than curled, ringlets; a mass that caught the light within its threads, till its very depths seemed full of lustre. Her whole appearance and attire bespoke extreme simplicity; but the simplicity of elegance, not of poverty, rejecting all false colouring, unnecessary ornaments, and heavy elaborations; like the Ionic pillars of the architect, of one unbroken and uncoloured shaft of marble. And there they sat, those three women, the types of pride, vanity, and beauty. The one possessed by deep and burning passions centred into one overmastering desire; the other a creature of pure sensation, whose soul was dormant and whose intellect was unawakened, acknowledging no other dominion than that of sense; and the third, a woman whose most actual and practical hour was penetrated by the light of the ideal, whose life was passed in an atmosphere of poetry and beauty, whose sensations were the raptures of a god, whose passions were the ecstasies of heaven.

Lady Granard's Nieces: a Novel. In 3 vols. London: Newby.

THE writer of this novel is manifestly making her first essay. The faults of youth and inexperience are apparent every where. But they are mingled with signs of power and glimpses of genius, indicating that the authoress has capacities that require only to be cultivated by practice and matured by time to give her a high, if not the highest place among the female novelists of the day. To accomplish this, however, she must cease to imitate the style of others, and form one of her own; she must not copy her characters, but invent them; she must not strive so much after *fine* writing; she must not affect a poetical phraseology; she must not pile up epithets; she must not indulge the *sentimental* mood. She must accustom herself to think clearly, and to set down in the fewest and aptest words just the thought, and nothing more, instead of elaborating it into feebleness by multiplicity of words.

The design of this novel appears to be to illustrate the miseries that flow from a marriage in which the heart is not given—the *ma-*

riage de convenance—so common in a state of society such as ours, where it is difficult to live according to the standard of expenses that has been wantonly established by the very rich, and foolishly followed by persons of moderate means. The story by which this is illustrated runs thus:—The hero, Everard Effingham, is induced by a pledge given to his father on his death-bed, to promise marriage to Ada Harolde, to whose father the elder Effingham was under some obligations, and who had been reduced to a state bordering on poverty. The young man does not love his betrothed; he is not even indifferent merely; he dislikes her; while she, on the contrary, is devotedly attached to him. But the state of his feelings becomes so apparent that even the blindness of affection is compelled to own the disappointment, and Ada renounces her claim upon his hand. But, as usual, when she was no longer his own, Everard begins to find virtues in her, to regret her loss, but too late, for she marries another. Effingham, wrought to madness by his self-produced vexation, intrudes himself upon her and is seen by the husband, who had just learned the story of his wife's former attachment for the man at her feet, and assumes that she is faithless. A quarrel ensues; a coldness between the husband and the wife is the result: the husband dies, and then the wife—the latter of grief.

This is the main plot; but there are by-plots which we must leave the reader to unravel in the pages of the work. We take one scene only as a specimen, and a very favourable one, of the composition. It is that of

A LOVER'S QUARREL.

With an air of mock dignity she retreated from the spot where he stood. An expression of absolute contempt writhed round the quivering lips of Charles for a moment, but it vanished ere he spoke. "Vain and frivolous, even in things of serious import!" said he, sadly. "Elfine, once I thought you loved me with the same depth of affection, the same sincerity with which my heart clung to yours: but now, I find it is not so; and the levity, which I mistook for lightheartedness, is the true semblance of a nature that can sport with all things—with tears and smiles—life and death." There was a pause, and Elfine looked down. "You think, then, I do not love you as much as you love me?" At length she said; and a shade of sadness darkened her brow, while every trace of a smile was banished from her countenance. "Yes," answered Charles. "You think so?" asked she again, and she laughed; but her laugh was a forced one. The laugh stung Charles to the quick. "You love me," said he; "but it is a love which I well know how to prize. Elfine, it is worthless, worthless compared to mine; your smiles and your tears are for every one, and the veriest fool that lips nonsense earns as bright a glance as ever in the moment of true feeling shone within your eye." "This is too much to be listened to with patience!" said Elfine, and her eyes flashed fire. "Too much!" answered Charles, with an impetuosity that effectually silenced her. "If I speak thus plainly, I have been urged to it by your conduct. After receiving the assurance of love from your lips, and loving you as I do, do you think I could bear to look upon the encouragement you gave to that Captain Elliott, with whom you were amusing yourself? No, though I know that you love me—at least with all the affection of which your nature is capable, and which, I now tell you, I would never have sought had I known its real depth,—though I feel that my after happiness in life depends on you, yet, Elfine, could I break the vow that binds us together, I would do so; and deem I acted wisely in parting from a woman who could thus trifle, as you have done, with the deepest source of feeling that lives within the human heart." There was a moment while Charles addressed her that Elfine could have cast herself into his arms,

and asked forgiveness; as he uttered the words, "loving you as I do," the whole energy of his nature seemed thrown into his voice and look; she met his eyes fixed upon her once more with an expression of the deepest tenderness, and she felt how truly he loved her: but when she heard his further words, and saw the smile of scorn again settle on his features, the spirit of pride that dwelt within her was awakened in its full force; and, turning from him in rising passion, "Break that vow," she said: "not one moment longer than is agreeable to yourself would I wish it to bind you; not one moment longer will I consider myself bound by it—we are both free from the present time." She turned again towards him as she said the last words, and, compressing her under lip, as if to impede the utterance of some words that would have forced themselves into sound, she gazed upon Charles with a look of pride; but there was a tell-tale of the feelings within, upon the long dark lash—a tear lay there! And Charles was softened. He sprang towards her, mistaking the forced calmness which she now assumed for a grief and an anger that would soon pass away: he exclaimed, as he took her hand within his own, "Elfine, dearest Elfine, say but one word,—say that you have sought to try me, to provoke me; but tell me you have loved as I thought and felt you did." But the anger that was rife within her burst forth. "Never, never!" said she; and her brow crimsoned, and her eye lighted as she spoke. "You have doubted the depth of my love—doubt it still! I care not for yours: away! after the insolence I have borne, hope not for pardon."

"Pardon!" echoed Charles, as he stepped backwards, and proudly drew his form to its utmost height: "I sue for none. If for a moment love conquered firmness, it has met with its proper reception. Pardon! bestow your love upon another—nurse him with fond hopes—cast all the witcheries of your glance and the magic of your voice around him, till he is bowed beneath your spells; then trifle with his rivals, waste his heart with a repetition of the same part you have played with me; and when he knows your utter worthlessness, let him cast you from him, as I do now!" He stood erect in wrath, and smiled on Elfine a withering smile of scorn; and Elfine met his glance with one of equal pride, and with a yet more bitter smile: but the expression of her features was so startling, that even Charles, for one moment, relaxed the frown that knit his brow, in wonderment at the change that had come upon her. Her brow, her cheek, her very neck, had crimsoned to such an intensity, as the last words fell upon her ear, that the blood swelled the azure veins upon the forehead well nigh to bursting; but suddenly the cheek blanched, and the lip assumed a marble hue, as it curved itself into that bitter smile, and the eye, lighted as with a supernatural light, fixed its almost unearthly glance upon the loved one, who was trampling on her best and dearest feelings, yet knew it not, nor saw the deadly struggle within her bosom. She felt as though she could have wept after the first moment of passion, and had he asked forgiveness, have forgiven him; not a trace, however, of remaining tenderness was on the countenance of Charles; and pride, mastering each better feeling, made her cover with the veil of scorn the anguished spirit within, which even then was mourning its precipitancy of reproach: yes, pride had the mastery, and as proud a smile curled the lips of Elfine as that which lowered witheringly upon those of Charles. And thus they parted. Once, only once did he look back towards the idol he had worshipped, as he sped over the green slope upon which the windows of the drawing-room opened, and through which he passed: she was standing in the same place, with the same smile upon her lips, and her eyes with the same fixed glare were turned upon him; but he saw not, as he trod onward in his path, that the slight and delicate form which had warred too strongly with the passions the next moment fell lifeless to the earth.

Certainly the pen that can write thus is capable of better things.

RELIGION.

Presbytery Examined. An Essay, Critical and Historical, on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland since the Reformation. By the Duke of ARGYLL. London, 1848. Moxon.

THE Duke of ARGYLL states that his purpose in this volume is "to give a comprehensive sketch of the principles and tendencies of the Scottish Reformation; to distinguish those which are primary and essential from those which, being the growth of accidental circumstances, are local in their origin and as local in their meaning, and especially to point out the value of the former in the existing controversies of the Christian Church."

As a member of the Presbyterian Church, his Grace admits that he is likely to be influenced by some prejudices in its favour; but, on the other hand, he avows that he has broached opinions which are likely to meet "not with the approbation, but the censure of the more zealous members of that communion." He has adopted views "which cannot fail to be obnoxious to those with whom every tradition of their Church is sacred." I have long felt," he says, "that many of the forms in which Presbyterians have been wont to express certain of their principles are most illogical and fallacious in themselves, and are calculated to produce the most erroneous impression of the nature and constitution of the Presbyterian Church." Hence much of the error into which most English writers fall when treating of the Scottish Church.

His Grace disclaims any purpose to attack episcopacy in the abstract; but he does enter a protest against "the course of prelacy in Scotland up to 1688, and the spirit which animated it. The great value of the Presbytery, he conceives, lies in the witness it then bore, and still bears, against those principles and that spirit."

The first part of this essay is historical in its form. The Duke first describes the course of Presbyterian principle, and supports and explains the views he takes of it. This is done in a terse and vigorous language, with a full mastery of the facts, interspersing the narrative with reflections full of sound sense and good feeling, proving that he has emancipated himself from the worst prejudices of sectarianism and embraced Christianity, which is greater than any sect, as the whole is greater than a part. As a Christian he recognises the spirit of toleration; meaning by this, a full acknowledgment of the right of every other man to hold what creeds he will without responsibility for it to any other man and without censure either of public law or private judgment. Now it is well known that the Presbyterians of Scotland were the most intolerant of sects even at the very moment when they most loudly protested against the intolerance of others. On this extraordinary anomaly the Duke of ARGYLL throws out some apposite and sensible reflections, not sparing censure, but laying its due proportion to the account of human nature.

It would not be within the province of THE CRITIC further to follow the arguments of his Grace. The controversy for them no doubt is wanting in interest. But we may conclude by congratulating the Established Church of Scotland on the possession of a champion at once so able and so liberal, yet so zealous, and declaring the gratification with which we see the first peer of Scotland taking so prominent a place in the literary and political arenas, and giving expression to sentiments worthy of an enlightened legislator in this age of change and progress.

As a specimen of the Duke's reflective style we select his sketch of the principle of Presbyterianism, which seems to consist in the idea of a church as composed of and represented by all its members in common, the priesthood being held only as the ministers or servants of the Church, and not as its representatives or corporation, as in episcopal churches.

THE PRINCIPLE OF PRESBYTERIANISM.

The first great fundamental idea which we observe in the system of the Scotch Reformers, is to be found in their understanding of that much-abused term, the Church. It seems to have appeared to them as if it had been from heresy on this point that all other heresies had sprung: and of such paramount importance did they deem it that just views should be entertained in regard to this, that we find their explanations of it, not in the Book of Polity, but among the Confessions of their Faith. Under a series of heads—"Of the Church;" "Of the notes by which the true Church is discerned from the false;" "Of the authority of the Scriptures;" "Of General Councils, their power of authority"—we find a number of affirmative and negative positions; the former stating what *is* to be believed, the latter what *is not*. The latter are, perhaps, the more important of the two. Affirmatively, two meanings are given to the Church; negatively, several meanings are condemned. First, there is the Church in the largest sense—denoting that innumerable company out of all nations, and tribes, and ages, who, whether under the old dispensation or the new, have been chosen of God as his true worshippers in Christ, in spirit and in truth; to whom belong one Faith, one Lord, one Baptism—the Communion of Saints. Secondly, there is the Church, in the sense of the whole body of professing believers in the truth in each division of the earth—such as was the Church of Corinth, of Ephesus, or as that then established in Scotland. We have next, what we might expect from men who had before their eyes the incredible corruptions taught and practised by a priesthood who were in full possession of "Apostolical succession"—the denial of all such positions as place the signs or "notes" of the true Church either in "antiquity, title usurped, lineal descent, place appointed, or multitude of men approving." The true "notes" are again affirmed to be, conformity with the revealed Word in doctrine, a right administration of the sacraments, and the enforcement of a godly moral discipline. If controversy should arise touching the interpretation of any passage in the Scriptures, no higher tribunal is allowed than the same Word in other parts. The Spirit of God, it is affirmed, cannot be contradictory to Himself: so that if the interpretation, determination, or sentence of any doctor, church, or council, be repugnant to the plain words of God, written in other parts of Scripture, it is most certain *there is not the true understanding and meaning of the Divine will*—"though councils, realms, and nations, have approved or received the same."

And again—

Indeed, the very root—the essential principle—on which the priestly idea of the Christian ministry depends, was wholly wanting in their system. They recognised no invariable rite of institution—no law, therefore, of perpetual succession, no principle which could constitute the clergy an order or a caste. The minister was merely the expression of an authority, which ultimately lay, not in him, but around him, and above him—in the body of the Church. Popular election was the authority on which his position rested; not on the mere naked authority of a plurality of votes given by an uninstructed people, but on the fact of his having received public and formal commission to exercise the office of the ministry, first from his own congregation, and then from the representative authorities of the whole Church. And the special forms under which this commission was conveyed were not suffered to include any thing approaching to a ritual ceremony. The first Reformers rejected ordination. The miraculous outpouring of the Holy Spirit, which had followed the imposition of Apostles'

hands, they believed had ceased, and therefore they judged the form "not necessary."

As a specimen of the true liberality with which the Duke of ARGYLL can treat other creeds than his own, we take his candid and philosophical admissions of the merits and uses of the great opponents and conquerors of Presbyterianism, the Puritans of the Revolution. Thus he describes

THE SPIRIT OF INDEPENDENCY.

The fanaticism of the Puritans had arisen under a very different impulse. They did not cluster round any definite system, which they loved as embodying their principles, and on the integrity of which the safety of those principles depended. Theirs was the enthusiasm not of defence, but of attack; and to this attack they approached from all sides of the citadel of priesthood. Some chose one, some another, as the point of their assault: they acted, indeed, under a common sense of danger, but with no definite community of purpose after that danger should be overcome. The impulse under which their minds had shot off from the continually narrowing circle of Anglican divinity did not stop them at any given line: it did not land them on any other system as definite, and which, therefore, would have been as likely to tempt to spiritual despotism: on the contrary, it propelled them to various and unequal distances into the trackless regions of dissent. Thus, when that work of overthrow was done in the success of which they were all alike concerned, the Puritans were no longer a united party. Some had been persuaded to pin their faith to the Presbyterian system, and believed that in the establishment of that their ultimate object would be gained; many, however, when they approached the point at which this object was within their reach, found they had misinterpreted their own desires. These had been deeper in their origin, truer in their end, than to be satisfied with such result. Thus the more powerful section, fearing the dictation of Presbytery as much as that of priests, refused to submit to its authority, maintained their right to freedom of opinion, and announced to the world, sword in hand, the golden principle of the independence of private conscience. This great truth, of which Puritanism was the chosen herald, and the means by which it was strengthened to maintain it, are well represented in the position and in the words of him who was the most remarkable man in Puritan England, when, after the siege of Bristol, and standing on the ramparts he had stormed, Cromwell wrote these quiet but determined words, "For, brethren, in things of the mind, we look for no compulsion but that of light and reason." In this announcement was fulfilled one great, perhaps the greatest, purpose which the excesses of Puritanism were overruled to serve. Irregularity, variety of opinion, was essential to the conception of a principle which, strange to stay, was yet almost new in Christendom. Thus the very waywardness and impetuosity of Puritanism was that which sped it on its mission in the world. It was to champion the rights of individual conscience—the ultimate right to independence of each single mind. It was to defend this principle against the pretensions of priests like Laud, and of assemblies like those of Presbytery.

It is after such a fashion that all books treating of sects or controversies ought to be written—in the spirit of the philosopher rather than of the partisan. The world is deeply indebted to the Duke of ARGYLL for the practical proof he has here given that it is possible so to write.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Status of the Jews in England. By CHARLES EGAN, Esq. Barrister-at-Law. London, 1848. Hastings.

This is an appeal on behalf of the Jews in their claim to be admitted to the privilege of being elected

by their fellow-citizens to represent them in Parliament, if it shall please any body of electors to send them there.

It appears to us that this controversy has been based by both parties upon wrong grounds. It is not, or should not be, at all a question whether a Jew shall be permitted to sit in the House of Commons. The true and proper question is—and upon that issue it should rest,—whether the people who are privileged to elect shall have liberty to choose whom they please to represent them; it is the privileges of the electors of Great Britain and not of the Jews that are really in contest.

Mr. EGAN, however, assuming that it turns on the fitness of the Jews to be representatives, rather than on the right of free choice in the represented, has taken great pains to trace the history of the Jews in England from the time of the Normans to the present year, and to exhibit their persecutions in the first place, then the gradual steps by which protection and toleration were extended to them, and how, through all changes of treatment, they have been the friends of peace and good order, and most loyal and useful citizens.

Mr. EGAN gives *extenso* the debates in both Houses of Parliament on the Jews' Disabilities Bill of last session, and answers *seriatim* every argument urged against it. But on such a question argument is of no avail. The opponents are not actuated by reason, but by sentiment, and it is impossible to subdue a sentiment by an argument. Still the answer returns, "I do not like you Dr. Fell," &c. &c.

England under the House of Hanover; its History and Condition during the Reigns of the Three Georges, illustrated from the Caricatures and Satires of the Day. By THOMAS WRIGHT, Esq. M.A. F.S.A. &c. With numerous illustrations, executed by F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A. In 2 vols. Bentley.

MR. WRIGHT has the merit of originality in the idea of this book, and that is no trifling one in these days of literary dullness. But we cannot think he has happily chosen its title. A title ought to be descriptive of the subject, which this one certainly is *not*. It professes to be a history of a dynasty; it is, in fact, a record of the popular sentiments in respect of that dynasty,—its ebbs and flows of affection or dislike, as considered in its favourite channel for expression—the caricature and the satire. Mr. WRIGHT should, therefore, have named his work a "History of Caricature during the Reigns of the Three Georges;" and we believe that such a title would have been more attractive than the more pompous one of "England under the House of Hanover," inasmuch as that portion of our history has been so often treated that the reading public are beginning to be weary of the topic.

This, however, is rather a question for Mr. WRIGHT and his Publisher than for the critic, whose only duty with respect to the titles of books is to see that they are not impostures, as when the name of some author of repute is, for a consideration, tacked to the worthless product of some nameless amateur under the pretence of being its Editor, the words "edited by" being printed very small, and the Editor's name very large, so as to cheat those who may glance superficially at the title-page or the advertisement into purchasing in the full belief that it was really the production of the author whose name flourishes in capitals so large. This not uncommon trick it is the first duty of the critic to expose and to denounce, and we have often done so; but mere differences between title-page and subject, as being only a matter of taste and discretion, we do not deem ourselves called upon to make a matter of formal complaint.

Political caricatures and satires have declined precisely as political liberty has advanced. The reason is plain. They are expressions of opinion which finds a better medium for itself through a free press, and the privileges of free discussion in public meetings. Shackle the tongue and the pen, and feelings, which must find a vent somewhere, will shew themselves by means of the pencil; if that be suppressed, they will be exhibited in chalk upon the walls and pavements, and if despotism should succeed in preventing this also, conspiracy, plotting, and revolution will be the certain result. The history of the last century, and especially the curious facts collected in these volumes, have established some truths in political science, unknown or only partially acknowledged before. Of these the most valuable is, that free institutions are more conservative than despotism; that the more perfect the liberty of speaking and writing, the more secure is a country against political and social convulsions. The reason is, that newspaper articles and speeches are, in fact, safety-valves by which the over-excitement of the passions is thrown off. If a man is angry with a king, a minister, an institution, or a law, and can express his indignation in a frothy article or a foamy speech, he gratifies his animosity, he has rid himself of a considerable portion of his passion, he has no need to conspire and to plot; already, as he flatters himself, he has hit it hard in the presence of the public, it is tottering, and he hopes after a while, by the same safe process of assault, to overthrow it. So he is prevented by his liberty from being a conspirator or an assassin. But perhaps it may be thought that, by this freedom to abuse publicly whatever he dislikes in the government or the laws, he may excite others to hatreds which they would not otherwise have felt, and thus that there is more harm than good in the total result. Not so. The effect of abusive speeches and writings is very much exaggerated and misunderstood. Their tendency is far more to disgust than to excite. If temperate, and really exposing an abuse or a wrong, they will be admitted to be useful and desirable, as leading to improvement; if intemperate, they rouse the alarms and the better feelings of the rest of the community, and so produce two advantageous results: first, by making the real character of their opinions known to every body, they immediately array against them all who believe them to be noxious or erroneous, and provoke comment, answer, and exposure of their fallacy or foulness; and secondly, they proclaim the ends at which they aim, so as to enable the Government to take measures of precaution precisely proportioned to the extent of the danger; and an open enemy is always better than a concealed one.

This great lesson in political science has been emphatically taught by the history of England during this year of European revolution. We believe that our own escape from civil convulsion is due entirely to the almost unlimited freedom of speech and of writing permitted by our admirable constitution. The revolutionists both in England and in Ireland were far more effectually put down by the publication of their own speeches and writings than by the batons of the police; and so satisfied are we of the wisdom of giving the fullest license to the expression of opinion, that we can conceive no measure that would more endanger the security of society than one which should attempt, in however trifling degree, its limitation under the influence of a temporary panic.

Mr. WRIGHT's history supplies further evi-

dence of the truth of these observations. Tracing the progress of political caricature, we find it keeping pace with the gradations of liberty of speech and writing. When freedom of the press is contracted, caricature and satire increase; as the former is enlarged the latter declines.

But this is not all the interest derivable from such a history as this. Caricatures are valuable as preserving likenesses of persons of whom there is no other portrait and peculiarities of aspect, manner, and character, which could be preserved nowhere besides. It also records minor events which, although beneath the notice of formal history, are amusing and often instructive. Moreover, the caricature appears to be peculiarly English, or rather it is in England only that it has become really humorous. A glance at those of France and Germany will serve to exhibit even to the self-love of a Parisian the great inferiority of their caricatures to ours. But humour is a characteristic of the English and Irish people. The Germans have a spice of it in their composition. To the French it is entirely unknown. They are unable to feel, and therefore they cannot understand or appreciate it.

It appears from Mr. WRIGHT that there exists no public collection of caricatures in England. This is to be lamented, and the fact adds much to the value of the materials he has here supplied, and which were gathered from numerous private sources to which access was liberally permitted to him. We gather from a brief sketch of the previous history of caricature that it came originally from Holland, and was first extensively used on the tempting occasion of the South Sea bubble.

The period of the South Sea bubble is that in which political caricatures began to be common in England; for they had before been published at rare intervals, and partook so much of the character of emblems, that they are not always very easy to be understood. Read's *Weekly Journal* of November 1, 1718, gives a caricature against the Tories, engraved on wood, which is called "an hieroglyphic,"—so little was the real nature of a caricature then appreciated. Another fault under which these earlier caricatures labour, is that of being extremely elaborate. The earliest English caricature on the South Sea Company is advertised in the *Post Boy* of June 21, 1720, under the title of "The Bubbles Bubbled; or the Devil Take the Hindmost." It no doubt related to the great rush which was made to subscribe to the numerous companies afloat in that month. I have not met with a copy of it, but in the advertisement it is stated to be represented "by a great number of figures." In the advertisement of another caricature, on the 29th of February in this year, called "The World in Masquerade," it is set forth as one of its great recommendations, that it was "represented in nigh eighty figures." In France and in Holland (where the bubble-mania had thrown every thing into the greatest confusion), the number of caricatures published during the year 1720 was very considerable. In the latter country, a large number of these caricatures, as well as many satirical plays and songs, were collected together and published in a folio volume, which is still not uncommon, under the title "Het groote Tafereel der Dwaaheid" (The Great Picture of Folly). The greater portion of these foreign caricatures relate to Law and his Mississippi scheme. In one of these, a number of persons of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions in society, are represented acting the part of Atlas, each supporting a globe on his shoulders. Law, the Atlas who supported the world of paper—"l'Atlas actueux de papier," as he is termed in the French description of the plate—bears his globe but unsteadily, and is obliged to call in Hercules to his aid.

As usual, the English rapidly improved upon the hint they had taken from the Dutch.

HOGARTH added the genius of the artist to the humour of the caricaturist, and thenceforward it became extremely popular and very generally employed; for we find literature and social life, as well as politics, subjected to its sway;—fashionable follies, in dress especially, have been at all times favourite themes for the caricaturist, and here they are presented in all their absurdity, a lesson which should not be lost upon our more rational era. We should state that Mr. WRIGHT introduces many of these into his pages, so that there is a feast for the eye as well as for the mind.

In his collection of satires Mr. WRIGHT is not so copious as with his caricatures, nor is he so happy in his choice of specimens. Perhaps his design was too large for his limits; for not only does he present his proper topic, but he throws in a great deal of miscellaneous anecdote, memoir, and narrative relating to the period under notice, which add considerably to the amusement and information to be derived from his book, although it much mars its completeness. From these we will take a few passages according to our custom, by way of illustration of the remarks we have adventured, and then commend the two volumes to the book clubs.

Here is an interesting sketch of

ENGLISH PERIODICAL LITERATURE.

Literature continued to experience the neglect of the Court through the whole of the reign of George II. and it had been entirely excluded from the Palace after the death of Queen Caroline. Some countenance was, it is true, shewn to literary men in the opposition court of Leicester House; but it was rather a parade of patronage than an efficient or judicious encouragement, and produced little more than a few panegyric odes. At the same time, the literary taste of the day was gradually improving, and it was spreading and strengthening itself in new classes of publications. The newspapers had long been in the habit of devoting a portion of their space to literature, in a form somewhat resembling the French *feuilletons* of the present day, but which was most frequently filled with burlesque, ill-natured criticism, or half-concealed scandal; or when such productions were harmless, they were of so dull and flimsy a character, as to give us a very low estimate of the taste of the readers who could receive any satisfaction from their perusal. The *Gentleman's Magazine*, the first attempt at a monthly repository of this kind, was begun by Cave, in 1731; its main object at first being to give a summary of the better literary essays which had appeared in the more perishable form of the daily and weekly press, although this part of the plan was soon made subservient to the publication of original papers. This magazine was looked upon as belonging politically to the Whig party, then in the plenitude of power under Sir Robert Walpole; and the *London Magazine* was immediately set up in opposition to it. The success of these two publications led in the course of a few years to a number of imitations; and in 1750 we count no less than eight periodicals of this description, issued monthly, under the titles of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, the *London Magazine*, the *British Magazine*, the *Universal Magazine*, the *Travellers' Magazine*, the *Ladies' Magazine*, the *Theological Magazine*, and the *Magazine of Magazines*. The latter was an attempt, by giving the pith of its monthly contemporaries, to do the same by them as the *Gentleman's Magazine* had first done by the newspapers.

With these periodicals there gradually grew up a new class of writers, known as the critics. The magazines had from the first given monthly lists of new books; and these lists were subsequently accompanied by short notices of the contents and merits of the principal new publications, while longer notices and abstracts of remarkable works were given as separate articles. This was the origin of the reviews, in the modern sense of the title, which were becoming fashionable in the middle

of the last century. In the year 1752 there were three professed reviews,—the *Literary Review*, the *Monthly Review*, and the *Critical Review*, the latter by the celebrated Smollett. The critics formed a self-constituted tribunal, which the authors long regarded with feelings of undisguised hostility; and an unpalatable review was often the source of bitter quarrels and desperate paper wars. Their design was looked upon as an unfair attempt to control the public taste. There can be little doubt, however, that the establishment of reviews had an influence in improving the literature of the country. About the same time that the reviews began to be in vogue, the periodical essayists came again into fashion; and a multitude of that class of publications, represented in its better features by the *Adventurers*, *Connoisseurs*, *Ramblers*, &c. that have outlived the popularity of the day, were launched into the world; most of them combining political partisanship with a somewhat pungent censorship of the foibles and vices of the age. This class of periodicals became most numerous soon after the accession of George III. Besides the personal abuse with which many of them abounded, they published a large mass of private scandal, which was perfectly well understood, in spite of the fictitious names under which it was issued, and which formed probably the most marketable portion of the literature of the day. Even in the highest class of the romances of that age—those of Smollett and Fielding—as well as in a multitude of memoirs and novels of a lower description, the greatest charm for the reader consisted in the facility with which he recognised the pictures of well-known individuals, whose private weaknesses were there cruelly brought to light in false or exaggerated colours. * * * No class of literature was undergoing a greater change during the middle part of the reign of George III. than the periodical press, which was especially affected by the revolutions in political and moral feelings which characterised the age preceding, as well as that which followed the bursting out of the French Revolution. The newspapers, which had varied but little in appearance from the beginning of the century to the earlier part of George's reign, now appear with new titles, and present themselves in a much enlarged and altered form. From an estimate given in the *European Magazine* for October 1794, we learn that, while in 1724 only three daily, six weekly, and ten evening papers three times a week, were published in England, in 1792 there were published in London thirteen daily, twenty evening, and nine weekly papers, besides seventy country papers, and fourteen in Scotland. Among these we recognise the names of the principal daily papers of the present day. The *Morning Chronicle* was established in the year 1770, the *Morning Post* in 1772, and the *Morning Herald* in 1780; and they were followed by the *Times* in 1788. They began, in accordance with the depraved taste as well as manners of that age, with courting popularity by detailing largely the most indelicate private scandal, and with coarse libels on public as well as private characters; things for which the *Post* enjoyed a special celebrity. The *Chronicle* was from the first the organ of the Whigs; the *Post* was at first a violent organ of Toryism; it subsequently became revolutionary in its principles, and then returned to its original politics: the *Herald* also has not been uniform in politics from its commencement. Of seven new magazines which were started from 1769 to 1771—the *Town and Country Magazine*, the *Covent Garden Magazine*, the *Matrimonial Magazine*, the *Macaroni Magazine*, the *Sentimental Magazine*, the *Westminster Magazine*, and the *Oxford Magazine*—two at least were obscene publications; and the feeling of the time allowed the titles of the licentious plates which illustrated them and of the articles they contained to be advertised monthly in the most respectable newspapers, in words which left no doubt of their character. The others gave insertion to a mass of scandal that ought to have been offensive to public morality. After a few years, society seems to have resented the outrage: the newspapers became less libellous, and the offensive magazines disappeared.

The literary character of the magazines, which may always be taken, to a certain degree, as an index of public taste, remained long very low. They consisted of extracts from common books and reprints of articles which had appeared before, of crude essays by unpaid correspondents who were ambitious of seeing themselves in print, and of reviews of new publications, which constituted the most original part of the mixture. The reviews continued for a long time to be short and flippant, and in many cases the writer seems to have read or seen only the title of the book he reviews. Thus, in the *Westminster Magazine* for May 1774, Jacob Bryant's well-known "New System of Ancient Mythology," in two large quarto volumes, is reviewed in four words—"Learned, critical, and ingenious;" and another quarto volume, "Science Improved," by Thomas Harrington, is condemned with similar brevity—"Crude, obscure, and bombastic." In the same magazine for September 1774, that important work, Strutt's "Regal Antiquities," is dismissed with the observation—"Curious, useful, and pleasing." The triad of epithets, which recurs perpetually, is amusing: it is an authoritative style of giving judgment that seems to come from the Johnsonian school. Some of the most remarkable examples are found in the *Town and Country Magazine*, which in March 1771 expresses its critical judgment in the following elegant terms:—

"The Exhibition in Hell; or, Moloch turned Painter. 8vo. Price 1s.

"A hellish painter, and a d—d bad writer!"

A few years later, the critical notices in the magazines became somewhat more diffuse: the reviews endeavoured to give their readers a little more information relating to the contents of new publications; and sometimes, as in the *European Magazine*, they added a chapter at the end under the title of "Anecdotes of the Author," in which they stated all they knew of his private history. Towards the close of the century, professed reviews, in contradistinction from magazines, began to be more common.

Every body has heard of the active part taken by the beautiful Duchess of DEVONSHIRE, in the election of CHARLES JAMES FOX for Westminster, in 1784. The following were among the squibs which it provoked:—

But the most active and successful of Fox's canvassers, and the most ungenerously treated by the opposite party, was the beautiful and accomplished Duchess of Devonshire (Georgiana Spencer). Attended by several others of the beauties of the Whig aristocracy, she was almost daily present at the election, wearing Fox's cockade; and she went about personally soliciting votes, which she obtained in great numbers, by the influence of her personal charms, and by her affability. The Tories were greatly annoyed at her ladyship's proceedings; they accused her of wholesale bribery; and it was currently reported that she had in one instance bought the vote of a butcher with a kiss—an incident which was immediately exhibited to people's eyes in multitudes of pictures, with more or less of exaggeration. But nothing could be more disgraceful than the profusion of scandalous and indecent abuse, which was heaped upon this noble lady by the ministerial press, especially by its two great organs, the *Morning Post* and the *Advertiser*. The insult in some cases was merely coarse, such as the following from the *Morning Post*:—"The Duchess of Devonshire yesterday canvassed the different ale-houses of Westminster in favour of Mr. Fox; about one o'clock she took her share of a pot of porter at Sam House's in Wardour-street." The same paper makes her write to the candidate:—"Yesterday I sent you three votes, but went through great fatigue to secure them; it cost me ten kisses for every plumper. I'm much afraid we are done up,—will see you at the porter-shop, and consult about ways and means." Others of these newspaper paragraphs were more pointedly insulting to the feelings of a virtuous female.

GILLRAY was the most noted of the carica-

turists in the reign of GEORGE III. An anecdote is related of him.—

Gillray had accompanied Louthembourg into France, to assist him in making sketches for his grand picture of the siege of Valenciennes. On their return, the King, who made great pretensions to be a patron of the arts, desired to look over their sketches, and expressed great admiration of the drawings of Louthembourg, which were plain landscapes, finished sufficiently to be perfectly intelligible. But when he came to Gillray's rough but spirited sketches of French officers and soldiers, he threw them aside with contempt, merely observing, "I don't understand these caricatures." The mortified artist took his revenge by publishing a large print of the King examining a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, executed by Cooper, to which he gave the title of "A Connoisseur examining a Cooper." The Royal countenance exhibits a curious mixture of astonishment and alarm as he contemplates the features of the great overthrower of kings, whose name was at this moment put forth as the watchword of revolutionists. The King is burning a candle-end on a save-all! This print was published on the 18th of June, 1792. Gillray, who had not the same dependance on Court as Sayer, who was much inferior to him in talent, seldom loses an opportunity of turning the King to ridicule.

MR. WRIGHT is not an historian, but he is an industrious collector of valuable materials for histories—he cannot pretend to a higher fame.

The Prose Works of John Milton. Vol. II.
London: Bohn.

THIS second volume of a very acceptable addition to Mr. BOHN's Standard Library contains some of the most powerful productions of the pen of England's greatest author—his *Areopagitica*, his *Prelatical Episcopacy*, his *Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, and some others of the political pamphlets with which he shook to its foundation the ancient monarchy of England. Copious explanatory notes have been introduced by the Editor, Mr. J. A. ST. JOHN. The work is to be completed in three volumes, at a tithe of the cost at which it has been procurable hitherto.

ART.

TALK OF THE STUDIOS.

THE London and North-Western Railway Committee have, it is said, resolved on erecting a marble statue, from the chisel of Mr. Gibson, to the memory of Mr. George Stephenson, the late eminent civil engineer, as the author of the improved locomotive, and promoter of the great railway system twenty years ago.—The Nimrod marbles have been safely placed in the British Museum.—The competing designs sent by the artists of Paris to the committee who are to select one as symbolical of the Republic are sad failures, inasmuch as they represent any other personage just as well as the ideal impersonation of Liberty.—Mr. Lane's is said to be the best portrait of the late Lord George Bentinck, and the only one for which he sat. It is on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's.—Artists and connoisseurs are fully engaged in debating the genuineness and excellence of the "prizes" purchased at Stowe. The Chandos Shakspeare and a picture of Rembrandt's have called forth a great deal of archaeological lore that is neither interesting nor conclusive.—The National Gallery, which has been closed since the 7th of September, was reopened to the public on Monday week. The Vernon Collection has for the present found a resting-place within its walls. The basement story is the depository of one hundred and fifty-two pictures—two more than the present descriptive catalogue contains—and six pieces of sculpture. A new feature in the Gallery is the apportionment of a small room to Gibson's group of Hylas surprised by the Naiads,—Baily's busts of Canning after Nollekins, Sir Isaac Newton after Roubiliac, and the Duke of Wellington from his

own design,—Chantrey's of Sir Walter Scott,—and Bacon's of the Marquis of Wellesley.—In Paris, three exhibitions have been opened during the week at the school of the Fine Arts. The first, in the ancient church of the convent of the Petits Augustins, is of designs for the official statue representing the French Republic,—of which there are nineteen. The second, on the ground floor of the Palais des Beaux Arts, is composed of the works sent by the pensioners at the Frency Academy in Rome. The third, in the upper galleries, comprises all the works that have gained the grand prizes in historical painting, sculpture, architectural design, engraving, and cuttings for medals or gems.—Mr. Collier has obtained permission of the Earl of Ellesmere, for the Shakespeare Society to engrave the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare. Letterpress is to accompany it, detailing the history of this likeness.—The Marquis of Bute has lent his noble collection of pictures, for ten years, to the Royal Scottish Academy.—Her Majesty's ship *Junna*, which has arrived at Sheerness from Bombay, has brought a large number of packages containing Assyrian marbles, and intended to be deposited in the British museum.—The Council of the Art-Union of London have offered the sum of 100*l.* for an original bas-relief in plaster, on a base of twenty-four inches by eight inches high, to be afterwards engraved by the anaglyphograph process for general distribution. The models are to be sent in by the 1st of March, 1849.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL CHIT-CHAT.

LISZT is at present engaged on an opera to be produced during the coming winter.—We hear that Mr. W. Glover, resident in Manchester, and "author of the oratorio 'Jerusalem,'" has nearly finished a new opera; and that Mr. Hamilton Braham is studying composition in the Leipzig Conservatory.—Mr. Lumley is in treaty with Signori Fraschini and Guasco for the season of 1849.—The *Athenæum* remarks that "Green-room experience has not abounded in amenities. An instance, however, of good feeling took place at Sadler's Wells on Monday evening after the performance of the 'Winter's Tale,' which may be worth recording here for the sake of its pleasant example. On Miss Glyn's return to the stage, she found the whole of the company assembled and arranged in due order for the purpose of congratulating her in form on her triumph in *Hermione*. This is a spirit far more worthy than the jealousy usually manifested at the advent of a new candidate for popular favour."—MM. Dumas and Maquet—by way of "holding up a mirror" to the times—have given a new "Catiline" to the *Théâtre Historique*, in Paris, which is described as a drama full of stirring scenes and splendid *tableaux*, most passionately acted by M. Melingue and Mdlle. Person.—Signor Costa has been appointed conductor of the Sacred Harmonic Society. *Elijah* is to be the first piece produced under his direction. More harmonic societies commence their season displays this week, the older one with a change of organist, Mr. Brown Smith having received the appointment on this occasion.—A new *débütante* is announced for the Princess's Theatre—Mdlle. De Roissi. She will at first appear in *Norma*.—Her Majesty has presented the organ built for the Brighton Pavilion, to the Town-hall of that place. It will be used at a charitable concert soon.—M. Jullien's Promenade Concerts are to begin in about a fortnight; with new orchestras of military bands, &c. more potent than ever,—and Miss Miran as vocalist.—Mr. Wessel, the manager of the "Royal German and British Musical Society" advertises that he "is instructed to invite British composers to send by the end of March, 1849, any work of the following classes that they may feel disposed to offer for competition for the prizes given by this society:—Prize of five guineas for the best song or ballad (treble voice and piano), poetry included. Five guineas—Vocal duet, with piano (two trebles, or

treble and bass), poetry included. Eight guineas—Pianoforte sonata (solo). Eight guineas—Pianoforte duet (four hands). Ten guineas—Duet, piano, and violin. Ten guineas—Trio, piano, violin, and violoncello. Ten guineas—Quartet, piano, violin, tenor, and violoncello."—The umpires will "be selected from the ablest professors in London, the compositions becoming the property of the Society." It is objected in the musical world that this scheme of the "Society" is an effort to outdo the publisher by buying the best music at a cheaper rate than it can be got in the market, paying the difference by the very doubtful "honour" that will attach to those whose pieces may be selected.

Hamilton's Edition of the Select Songs of Scotland, arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments for the Pianoforte. Parts I. to XIII. Glasgow. London: Simpkin and Co.

THE music of Scotland is thoroughly national. In no country are there preserved so many original melodies, instinct with the spirit of love, of heroism, and of grief. The mountains, the heaths, the mists, the banks and braes, the brawling brooks, have formed a voice in her songs, and hence their immortality. Time has no other effect upon them than to make them more dear to the people for whose forefathers they were composed, and to introduce them to the regards of other peoples of other lands, because whatever is true to nature is recognized by the heart's secret sympathies wherever man is, and whatever his colour or his creed. Every year sees the songs of Scotland growing in favour with English singers and listeners, sick of the senseless, soulless whinings of our modern composers, who steal from operas, and think to make home-music out of the pilfered property, altogether forgetful that the very style of the stage unfits them for the parlour. Welcome, then, thrice welcome, this collection of the gems of the national songs of Scotland. In thirteen parts Mr. HAMILTON has presented to the lover of genuine music the best of the melodies which time has bequeathed, carefully edited, with accompaniments for the pianoforte, and arranged so that they may be enjoyed in every house where there is a voice trained to song. The spirited Jacobite melodies, fitted to inspire loyalty and courage; the glorious poetry of BURNS; the pastoral ditties of HOGG—the simple chaunts of the peasantry—are here to be found gathered in one volume, whose equal in all that constitutes the music of nature the whole world cannot boast. It should be in every house, and it is so cheap, that wherever there is a piano it may be enjoyed.

Hamilton's Edition of the Select Psalmody of Scotland. No. I. Glasgow: Hamilton. *The Training School Song-Book. No. I.* Glasgow: Hamilton.

Two promising periodicals, whose titles describe their contents. They appear to be very well edited. We shall be better able to pronounce upon them when we have seen more of them.

Wood's Edition of the Songs of Scotland. Nos. XIX., XX. and an Appendix. Edinburgh: Wood and Co.

THE new numbers of this the most valuable collection of national music which has been presented to the public for many a year, contain some popular favourites, the airs being skillfully adapted for the pianoforte, with accompaniments by MUDIE, SURENNE, and others. We notice among them "My Jo, Janet," "The Lass of Gowrie," "Thy Cheek is o' the Rose's Hue," "I'm o'er young to marry yet," "My Apron Dearie." The twentieth number completes the second volume, with which it was originally intended that the work should conclude, but at the entreaty of its subscribers, who are so much pleased with it that they desire more of such charming melodies, it is to be extended to a third volume. We would add a fourth or a fifth, if Scotch music could supply them with aught equal to that which has been already gathered here.

Better Times are Coming. Poetry by J. OLIVER, Esq. Music by GEORGE J. O. ALLMANN. London: Lewis and Thompson.

A song adapted to the present times, appropriately married to music by Mr. ALLMANN. It is cheerful and energetic, and calculated to inspire the sentiment of hope in minds depressed by the difficulties of the times.

THE DRAMA AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRAMATIC CHRONICLE.—The arrangements made at Windsor Castle for theatrical performances are to be permanent; Prince Albert takes great interest in them, particularly insisting on the subordinate parts being well filled. Among the performers engaged, the names of Wallack, Wigan, Webster, Cooper, Keeley, and Leigh Murray are mentioned. Great advantages to the stage are anticipated from this formal royal patronage.—Miss Kelly has commenced a series of readings of Shakespeare's plays at the Whittington Club in the Strand. The first of these took place on Monday last—its subject being *The Merchant of Venice*. On Monday next she will read *Romeo and Juliet*, and on Monday the 13th of November, *Measure for Measure*.—The United States papers just arrived describe in most amusing terms a congress of managers who met Mr. Macready at Boston, having hurried from New York as soon as the steamer in which he sailed was telegraphed, with the view of engaging him for his own theatre. The end was, that Mr. Macready accepted an engagement at the Park, where he has been received with more than the usual amount of enthusiasm. The manager race was, however, too good a thing to be lost, and, accordingly, a farce called *Who's got Macready?* is announced at one of the minor theatres.—A play in which the story of Napoleon and Josephine forms the *matériel* has lately been performing at some of the French theatres, and another novelty is a version of the Prasinian tragedy, under the title of "La Comtesse de la Sennecey."—The application for a divorce in the Philadelphia Courts, by Mr. Pierce Butler, against his wife, Fanny Kemble Butler, is on the ground that she has deserted him for two years, having been abroad for that time in Europe. Mrs. Butler resists the application, and as a large fortune is depending on the question, whether the wife shall have her legal portion or be cut off by a divorce, the case will be one of interest. Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler is among the visitors at the Revere House, Boston. She will soon reappear, it is said, on the boards of the Park Theatre, New York.—A new drama has been produced at Plymouth from the pen of an inhabitant of that town, a Mr. W. Hughes, called *It's all for the Best*. The plot represents the hero as a victim to misfortunes; he is, however, sustained under all his afflictions by the fortitude and presence of mind of his wife, who consoles him under all his distresses, and tells him "It's all for the best."

COVENT GARDEN.—As yet, Mr. BUNN has been unable to produce any of the novelties promised in his prospectus. The time, too, is unfavourable, and arrangements of that kind cannot be made in a moment. In the mean while he is attracting pleased and numerous audiences with *La Sonnambula*, and other old favourites, and if he cannot yet bring before us imported talent, he at least delights us with the highest English genius in the person of Mr. SIMS REEVES, who is received with a hearty welcome and is evidently establishing himself more and more in the favour of the musical public. It is plain that there is a glorious future before him, and that he has the industry and ability to fit himself for it.

THE HAYMARKET.—This theatre has opened for the winter season, after being entirely redecorated in the short space of a fortnight, by the same hand which has so charmingly adorned the Adelphi. From being the dirtiest and dullest, the Haymarket has become the gayest and most elegant theatre in London. The Company present all the old favourites with the addition of Miss LAURA ADDISON, whose name will be remembered by the visitors at Sadler's Wells, as the young tragic actress, of whose future so bright a promise was anticipated by the critics. At first, timidity somewhat effected her powers, and

dashed the hopes of her admirers, but she has gradually regained her courage, and advanced in public favour. As yet no novelties have been introduced. Mr. WEBSTER prudently reserving these until town is fuller. He will not "waste his sweetness," and his present entertainments suffice to please the winter dwellers of the metropolis.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—A great stir in the theatrical and musical world has been made by the appearance of Mr. C. BRAHAM upon this stage in a new opera entitled *Leoline*. Mr. BRAHAM is the son of the veteran of that name. He made his appearance before the English public some years ago with indifferent success. We presume that he has devoted the interval to severe study, for he now has all the finish of an artist, although wanting the qualities of the actor. His voice is rich and pure, and admirably under command. He possesses much feeling, and consequently power over the emotions of his audience. He promises to be a great acquisition to the English lyrical drama—and so seemed the audience to think, for he was vehemently applauded on the night of his *début*, and has since received continual renewals of the welcome. This, of course, has crowded the house, and independently of the attractions of the opera which, the production of a French composer, has obtained much popularity. Its story is very like that of *The Night Dancers*, but we certainly prefer Mr. LOBER's version of it, and we think that the English composer bears away the palm in the music. By-the-by, we are surprised that the manager does not revive this very beautiful opera: it was a great favourite, and substantially excellent, so that it really deserves to take a permanent place on the stage. The Princess's is making most commendable efforts to command support, and, as usual, when such is the case, it is commanding it.

THE ADELPHI.—This theatre is repeating its old favourites to still thronging crowds, and so long as these draw it would be unwise to incur the cost of novelties, which might not please so much after all. The public seem never to be tired of the Adelphi pieces, but go to them again and again.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS.—It will be seen by the advertisement, that the indefatigable, enterprising, and talented JULLIEN, undaunted by his reverses, and resolute to retrieve his fortune, is about to renew his promenade concerts with such an attractive bill of fare as he has seldom presented. Miss MIRAN occupies the place of Miss DOLBY, there is to be a monster band composed of an union of some half-dozen regimental bands, and the quadrille of the season is to be framed out of French national airs. The best music of the great masters is promised, and we doubt not that the London public will enjoy a month of the most charming music, and that the same hearty welcome will be given to the industrious leader which has been wont to greet him.

THE COLOSSEUM.—On Tuesday evening a large party of the National Guards, now in London, visited the Colosseum. They appeared to be highly delighted with the "Panorama of Paris," and were observed to be pointing out to each other the different localities of the events in which, perhaps, many of them had been actors. An interesting incident occurred during the course of the evening: the band of music, in compliment to them, played some of the French national airs; and upon these being concluded, they unanimously requested "God save the Queen." They stood uncovered, and at its termination, applauded loudly, saying "Vive la Reine;" after which they retired, evidently gratified. Our readers are, perhaps, not aware that in addition to the magnificent panorama of Paris by moonlight, the sculpture gallery, the cavern, and the Swiss cottages, there is now a musical performance on three or four instruments played with great skill and presenting all the newest and best music of the day. No visitor from the country should quit London without seeing the Colosseum. We understand the French National Guards expressed themselves more delighted and astonished with this exhibition than with any thing they saw in London—and we agree with them—it is unequalled not in England only, but in the world.

LICENTIOUSNESS OF DUMAS AND THE FRENCH STAGE.—Alexandre Dumas, the well-known trader in literature, has, with his usual readiness, adapted his pen to the market by the production of a tragedy, an account of which is given in the *Sicéle* by his own friend, Charles de Mathavil:—"One o'clock, morning.—We have just left the Théâtre Historique, and have seen *Catalina*. It is with a sad heart, a sick stomach, and agitated nerves, that we write these lines. Dumas is our collaborateur and friend; Auguste Maquet is one of the best-hearted men we know; and both these men of talent, mind, and

worth have committed a bad action. *Catalina* is a call to revolt, an encouragement to the worst passions; it is the exaltation of fire, murder, rape, pillage, and of corruption, upon the largest and widest scale. In this work, *Catalina*, the author of *émeute*, the provoker of civil war, is a god; and *Cicero*, the representative of order, the magistrate watching over the safety of the republic, is a fool. Scenery of the most frightful ability presents the preparations for insurrection, disposed with a truth and amplitude enough to freeze the heart. We asked ourselves, during the long and terrible exposition of the calamities and evils to which societies are condemned, if we did not fail in our duties in protesting against the censorship, and if it was possible to deliver up society to such teaching, and to such terrible spectacles; but in demanding the suppression of the censorship, as regards the theatre, we made a reserve to the press, convinced that it would not fail in its task—the mission of enlightening public opinion—and we know that the government would employ, if necessary, in the interest of public safety, the laws at its disposal. Alas! we little thought we should so soon have to exercise our sad ministry, and that we should have to strike our own friends! But never shall we shrink from a duty. We deem it impossible to allow this play to be represented another evening. We call to witness the fright and stupor that prevailed in the house, and we tell the government that it will fail in all that it owes society—that it will be wanting in prudence, and energy, and political sense—if it does not this very day interdict the representation of *Catalina*." Dumas seems to have gone beyond the fellow who set fire to his neighbour's house that he might roast his eggs, for he would yield up Paris to fire and abomination to redeem his ruined fortune. The corrupting works of Dumas went a great way in debauching the public mind, and fitting it for revolution, and now he would put the finishing stroke to his bad literary career. Such men as Dumas and Sue are the curse of France.

ORIGINAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

WATERS.

By E. H. BURRINGTON, Author of "Revelations of the Beautiful," &c.

Ye bright flowing rivers and dark dashing ocean,
One washing the mead, and one girdling the world,
I watch both the strength and the speed of your motion,
Adown the weirs leaping, against the rocks hurled.
Wherever the waters are pausing and resting,
Wherever the waters are tracking their way,
I love them because their mute forms are suggesting
Some fancies as pure and as lovely as they.

Beautiful waters, so rare yet so common

To instruct us in wisdom is ever your plan;
When ye sparkle and flash like a soft eye in woman,
When ye frown and grow dark like the passions of man,

The poet, whose soul is for ever exploring,
Can read every riddle that's writ on your brow,
For ye speak out of silence, and speak out of roaring,—
I heard ye in childhood,—I list to ye now.

Ye are bright on your path as an angel of light,
Ye are dark on your way as a spirit of ill,
And turning to you, like a star to the night,
The memory of boyhood will shine on you still;
And whether your home be the lake or the ocean,
And whether ye flow by the shell or the flower,
My fancy will seek you in fondest devotion,
To smile with your beauty, or bow to your power.

NECROLOGY

OF AUTHORS, ARTISTS, AND PHYSICIANS.

LIEUT. F. RUXTON.

THE papers record the death of Lieut. George F. Ruxton. "It was," says a contemporary, "while serving with the 89th regiment in Canada that Lieut. Ruxton imbibed a thirst for adventure—for which he was both mentally and physically peculiarly fitted. To Africa he first turned his attention, in the hope of adding to our geographical knowledge some of its unexplored and hitherto inaccessible lands. He had formed the daring project of traversing Africa in the parallel of its southern tropic—from Walwich Bay eastward; but the tracing of some fifty miles of coast was all that he was able to accomplish. Owing to the jealousy of the traders and missionaries established on the coast, he could not get from the natives that assistance which was essential for this great undertaking. He had time, however, to improve our maps

by expunging from them the Fish River running into Angra Pequena and those smaller streams described as falling into the sea between the Gariep and Walwich Bay. Before leaving Africa, Mr. Ruxton made himself acquainted with the Bushmen; and contributed a paper on this interesting race to the Ethnological Society. Mr. Ruxton became afterwards a personal observer of the recent struggle between the Americans and the Mexicans—and has placed his stirring picture of its events on record in the columns of *Fraser's Magazine*. From this scene of warfare he made that exploration which resulted in his contributing to the 'Home and Colonial Library' his 'Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains'—to *Blackwood* the series entitled 'Life in the Far West,' and to the Ethnological Society a paper 'On the Migration of the Ancient Mexicans, and their Analogy to the existing Indian Tribes of Northern Mexico.' Mr. Ruxton was the author, also, of a pamphlet 'On the Oregon Question;' wherein he took 'a glance at the respective claims of Great Britain and the United States to the territory in dispute,' with his usual acuteness."

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

DEATHS.

GOLDFUSS.—At Bonn, the German zoologist and mineralogist, M. Goldfuss, professor at the University of that town, aged 66.

TENNANT.—On Sunday week, at Down Grove, Dollar, Scotland, Mr. William Tennant, Professor of Oriental Languages in the College of St. Mary, St. Andrew's—more extensively known as the author of "Anster Fair," and of various other works in general literature. The Hebrew Choir of that University, as well as that of the University of Edinburgh, is thus vacant.

LE CAPELAIN.—At Jersey, aged 36, Mr. John Le Capelain, the painter of the Album presented last year by the States of the Island to the Queen. "Mr. Le Capelain," says a correspondent of the *Jersey Times*, "was a rival of the first artists of England as a painter in water-colours. As a scenic artist he leaves a name behind him which will not soon be forgotten in the world of art, and works which will be everywhere cherished as household treasures by their possessors; and in him Jersey has lost one of her most highly-endowed sons."

GRAY.—Last week, at Exeter, Mr. Thomas Gray, aged 61. His friends claim for him the titles of "author of the railway system," and the railway "pioneer." Though not an engineer, he was contemporary with the late George Stephenson. His name was brought into note by the publication, in 1820, of a work entitled "Observations on a General Iron Railway; or, Land Steam Conveyance to supersede the necessity of Horses in all Public Vehicles, shewing its vast superiority in every respect over all the present pitiful Methods of Conveyance by Turnpike-Roads, Canals, and Coasting-traders."

JOURNAL OF SCIENCE, &c.

METROPOLITAN SEWAGE MANURE COMPANY.

A MOST remarkable testimony to the promising character of this great natural experiment, alike to the shareholders and to the public, has just been afforded.

Our readers are, perhaps, aware that at Edinburgh, about seven years since, there existed some barren and almost worthless wastes, with soil so poor that it did not pay for cultivation, and consequently it was used for drying-grounds at a rent of a few shillings per acre. But it was suggested that by turning over it some sewage water its value might be improved, and that some profit might accrue to those who would undertake the enterprise. A few gentlemen formed a kind of small company for the purpose, purchased the waste land for a trifling sum, and turning one of their sewers into a reservoir of water, where the sewage was largely diluted, they caused the contents to descend over the barren land, from one slope to another, until the whole was thus irrigated.

The effect was almost miraculous. In a very few months a luxuriant herbage appeared. In three years the land, before a desert, was the richest and most productive plot in Scotland—it was the wonder of the farmer. The rents, which before had been but a few shillings per acre, now rose rapidly, and at the present time they yield from 20l. to 40l. an acre—a golden harvest to the proprietors.

But the most extraordinary and convincing proof of the value of sewage is found in the fact that a treaty is on foot for repurchasing of the proprietors the land which they received a waste and have made the most fertile in the whole country; and for that very land which they bought only about seven years since for about 10,000l. as we understand, they now demand 150,000l.!

Thus in seven years, from the contents of a single sewer, the proprietors at Edinburgh will reap a profit of no less than 140,000l., or upwards of fourteen hun-

dred per cent. profit on their capital,—that is to say, a share of 20l. paid is worth, and will receive, should the repurchase be concluded, no less than 380l.!

Now this is precisely what the Metropolitan Sewage Manure Company is incorporated to effect with the sewage of London. Why should they be less successful, or produce less results, than the farmers of the sewage of Edinburgh?

Their works being completed, a public experiment is about to be made with them, of which due notice will be given.

JOURNAL OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

MESMERISM.

(From the Morning Herald.)

WE witnessed a few years since some very curious and interesting experiments in mesmerism, performed by Dr. Elliotson, at his residence in Conduit-street, in the presence of a large number of medical and scientific gentlemen. On the 24th of June last we formed one of the auditory at the College of Physicians, when the Harveian oration was pronounced by Dr. Francis Hawkins, and we heard with regret an able and interesting address marred by some coarse and rather sweeping observations against mesmerism and its professors. Our attendance at Dr. Elliotson's séances did not make us believers in the extraordinary phenomena of mesmerism, and certainly we have not been induced to think more disparagingly of a matter of which we know comparatively little, by the sneering laugh which followed Dr. Hawkins's abuse at the College of Physicians. The indiscriminating and unreasoning rejection of any new fact in physics or philosophy is as opposed to the true interests of science and medicine, as a blind and bigoted credulity. The great characteristic of the medical science of the present day is progress, and all who are honestly and earnestly interested in its advancement, should lend their aid in carrying out its requirements in a liberal and comprehensive spirit. The temptation to sneer down a science which cannot be tested by any established principles, and which is based upon a seeming deviation from all the recognised laws of nature, is undoubtedly strong; but ridicule is, after all, a sorry substitute for argument, and abuse little befits the sobriety and gravity of philosophical investigation or discussion. So far as our observation has gone, we find that those persons are most vehement in their denunciations of the system who know least of its rationale, and although we must place ourselves in the category of the uninitiated, we should infinitely prefer seeing mesmerism met by the calm and searching inquiry and dispassionate investigation of honest and intelligent men, who, we doubt not, would soon unmask any trickery or deception that might be attempted, than to have it scoffed at and rejected without proof, hearing, or experiment. Until this has been done, we must be content to regard mesmerism as one of those phenomena which are exempt from the operation and influence of material laws, which are regulated by some occult but fixed principles, the constant uniformity and recurrence of which forbid the idea that they are the result of chance or contrivance. Doubtless there is so much of apparent quackery mixed up with the mesmeric operations—the results are so extraordinary and apparently supernatural, and the difficulty of arriving at any satisfactory explanation of the effects produced is so great, that we are by no means surprised at the comparatively little progress that it has hitherto made with the medical public of this country. We ought to add, parenthetically, that we make this assertion somewhat at random, as we have no immediate means of ascertaining to what extent it is advocated and adopted among English practitioners. It is evident, however, that whatever its disciples may advance in its favour, men are slow to credit what is unaccountable and incomprehensible by any ordinary process of ratiocination, and the effects produced upon patients while under the mesmeric influence are so wondrous and mysterious, that, in the absence of all other apparent agency, one is disposed to attribute the whole to deception and collusion. In this respect mesmerism stands isolated and distinct from all other modern discoveries of importance. Its conditions are so vague, and its requirements so extravagant, it is surrounded with such serious difficulties, both theoretically and practically, the results are so unexpected and so inexplicable, and there has been so much of contradiction, of exaggeration, and of deception connected with its use or abuse, that we must be content to wait till further experiments and new facts have thrown some additional light upon the whole system of mesmeric influence and clairvoyance, which at present rests upon little better than

theory and conjecture. At the same time, we cannot withhold the tribute of our admiration to the courage and honesty of those who, believing it to be a powerful curative auxiliary in the hands of the physician and the surgeon, have adhered to its fortunes, in some cases at the expense of their own, with a firm and unshaken faith.

These preliminary remarks have been elicited by the appearance in the last number of the *Zoist*, a periodical devoted to the interests of cerebral physiology and mesmerism, of a case communicated by Dr. Elliotson, in which is detailed the cure of a true cancer of the breast by mesmerism alone! The circumstances are in themselves so extraordinary, the results are so interesting, and the evidence so conclusive, that we do not hesitate to lay them before our readers. It is unfortunately too well known, that although cancer may be for a time relieved by a painful surgical operation, from which the strongest minded instinctively shrink, the disease is seldom wholly eradicated, and eventually terminates in protracted agonies and death. Where, then, but a shadow of a chance presents itself of obtaining the restoration of health, or even the temporary alleviation of suffering by so simple, and, at least, innocuous a means as mesmerism, few, we think, who are labouring under this formidable infirmity will hesitate to have recourse to it. We have already stated honestly our own opinions with regard to mesmerism, so that our readers can form their conclusions as to how far we are qualified to pronounce impartially upon the matter. To those who know the honourable and truthful character of Dr. Elliotson, it is unnecessary to say that no additional testimony could add weight to the facts he has detailed, although in a case so unprecedented as that to which we are about to refer, he was perfectly right in adducing all the corroborative evidence within his reach. The following is Dr. Elliotson's statement, omitting or condensing the details:—

"On the 6th of March, 1843, a very respectable-looking person, of middle height and age, fair, rather slender and delicate, and with the sallow complexion of cancer, called to solicit my advice respecting a disease of her right breast. I found an intensely hard tumour in the centre of the breast, circumscribed, moveable, and apparently about five or six inches in circumference; the part was drawn in and puckered, as though a string attached behind the skin at one point had pulled the surface inwards; and upon it to the outer side of the nipple was a dry, rough, warty-looking substance, of a dirty brown and greenish colour. She complained of great tenderness in the tumour and the arm-pit when I applied my fingers, and said that she had sharp stabbing pains through the tumour during the day, and was continually awakened by them in the night.

"She informed me that she was single, and resided with her mother, and was dressmaker to many ladies of the truest respectability.

"I at once saw that it was a decided cancer in the stage termed scirrhus, and I so named it in my notebook; but I did not mention its nature to her. On her return home she applied her fingers as she had observed me do, and for the first time found there was a lump in her breast."

Subsequent inquiries shewed that the first symptoms of the disease had manifested themselves more than a year previously, and that her father's mother had died of a "bleeding cancer" of the breast:—

"As she had witnessed the great mesmeric cure of her niece, I proposed mesmerism to her, and offered to take the charge of the case myself. My purpose was to render her insensible to the pain of the surgical removal of the breast, seeing no other chance for her; and this indeed was a poor chance, for cancer invariably returns in the same or some part if the patient survive long enough, and the operation is not to be recommended unless it can be conducted without pain. When a disease termed cancer has not returned, I have no doubt that it had not been cancer; and such a terrible thing as the removal of breasts not cancerous has always been but too frequent among surgeons.

"Unwilling to make her unhappy, I said no more, and allowed her to suppose that the mesmerism was intended to cure her disease. She thankfully accepted my offer to mesmerise her, and returned to my house the next day for the first essay. I mesmerised her half an hour daily with slow passes before her from opposite her forehead to opposite her stomach, and my fixed look at her eyes. The first mesmerisation caused a mistiness before her eyes at the time, and a much better night than usual. In a few days she became drowsy, and at the end of a month her eyes perfectly closed, and she fell asleep near the expiration

of the half-hour. The sleep, however, was so light, that a word addressed to her or the least touch of my finger awoke her. I could not distinguish it from natural sleep. There was no increase of effect for nine months. She seldom slept much longer than half an hour—frequently much less, though a dozen passes were sufficient to send her back into the sleep. The pain lessened, so that her nights became greatly better, and her health and spirits improved. The sallowness of her complexion lessened. But for six months she continued to work hard in taking measure, cutting out, making up, and trying on, often walking considerable distances to the ladies, so that she once fainted at Hampstead after walking thither and trying on dresses; and for the first six months of mesmerisation the tumour increased, probably not from increased cancerous action, but from an increase of simple congestion through the irritation of exertion, since every other symptom improved. The act of pushing the needle through hard articles, gave her pain to the very elbow. She could work no longer, and in September lost the whole of her business."

Meantime, at the request of Mrs. Sharpe, the lady of the rector of Allhallows, the patient was induced to shew the tumour to Mr. Brown, a surgeon, in the Edgware-road, who at first pronounced it to be a common glandular swelling; but, upon subsequent examination, said he had no doubt that it was cancer. Mr. Powell, the medical attendant of the patient's mother, afterwards saw it, and pronounced it to be confirmed incurable cancer; and recommended its being immediately cut away. After referring to the great kindness shewn to the patient by Mrs. Sharpe, and the other ladies for whom she formerly worked, Dr. Elliotson proceeds:—

"In September I quitted England for a tour in the Pyrenees till November. During the early part of my absence Mr. Powell saw it again, and anxiously urged its immediate removal with the knife. He mentioned Sir Benjamin Brodie and Mr. Liston; but she declined. He then entreated her to accompany him to Mr. Samuel Cooper, professor of surgery at University College, who he was sure would see her without a fee; and at length she consented. Mr. Cooper differed from Mr. Powell in thinking that the operation could not safely be delayed till my return, but gave a decided opinion, that the disease was cancer, and that the operation should be performed as soon as ever I came back. "Poor thing," said this good and kind man, "if she wishes to wait for Dr. Elliotson's return, she may; but it must be cut away then." The great anxiety displayed by Mr. Powell was quite disinterested and most praiseworthy.

"On my return I found she had not been mesmerised to the extent I wished, and was therefore not so susceptible as when I left her. But I took her in hand again myself; and in less than two months she passed into genuine sleep-waking, with perfect insensibility to mechanical injury. When I addressed her, she now did not wake, but answered me; and took no notice if I touched her, not even if I touched or pricked her."

An attack of pleurisy interrupted the mesmeric treatment for a time, after which it is again regularly resorted to daily.

"She was now so susceptible that not merely a single pass, but a look, always caused her upper eyelids to quiver, and descend and close, and sleep-waking to come on. She was always perfectly relaxed and powerless in every part, and always perfectly insensible from head to foot to mechanical causes of pain. Yet she felt contact or resistance, and temperature, whether heat or cold. I recollect the incredulous look which these phenomena of feeling excited in various medical men to whom I exhibited them. But ether and chloroform have produced the same phenomena, and not a single medical man has, in a single instance, expressed a single doubt upon their reality when produced by those narcotic drugs.

"It is a common thing for mesmeric patients to be insensible to pinching, cutting, pricking, and tearing, and yet to be perfectly sensible of the temperature of cold and warm substances applied to the very same part, and to be sensible if they are touched or pressed."

We witnessed some operations in dental surgery at the residence of Mr. Robinson, of Gower-street, when the patients were under the influence of ether vapour. In one of them, which was complicated with alveolar abscess, the wrench necessary for the extraction of a huge molar was fearful, and we narrowly questioned the patient after her recovery as to whether she had felt any pain. She replied, "none whatever, but she had felt something cold (the instrument) in her mouth." If ether and chloroform can produce these extraordinary phenomena by their peculiar action upon certain nerves, we cannot under-

stand why it may not be equally true of those who are under the mesmeric influence. The continued influence of mesmerism appears to have had the effect of rendering Doctor Elliotson's patient much more susceptible; meantime the summer of 1844 passed on. The cancerous sallowness disappeared: she had less pain; her strength increased; and the wart-like growth dropped off, leaving a sound smooth surface, and there was no increase of the diseased substance. A surgical operation was, therefore, not thought of. Dr. Ashburner saw the part, had no hesitation in calling the disease cancer, and was delighted at the favourable prospect. During Dr. Elliotson's absence from town in the autumn, she was recommended to wear a piece of mesmerised leather on the breast, which irritated the part, causing a very painful bleeding sore that did not heal for six months. The diseased mass had also adhered firmly to the ribs, and it required much care to heal up the wound and re-establish her health. This brings us to the close of the narrative.

"She slowly improved in every respect, and the mass began to diminish. The summer of 1845 arrived. Dr. Engleue examined her at my house, and, like every body else, pronounced the disease to be cancer. This autumn I merely went on a visit for a month at Dr. Engleue's at Southsea, returning to town for one day in a week, and on this day I always mesmerised her. She had an attack of bronchitis, and was bled without knowing it towards the end of the year.

"The summer of 1846 arrived. During it the pain entirely ceased for good. Near the end of August she had a severe attack of pleuritis and bronchitis, for which I bled without her knowledge, and blistered her; and, on leaving town for Switzerland, in the beginning of September, placed her in the hands of Mr. Symes, who cheerfully took the charge of her for me, and never once omitted, whatever was the weather, to visit her daily during the whole of my absence till the end of October, notwithstanding the distance. He was also satisfied that the disease was cancer.

"During the year 1847 the disease steadily gave way. The mass had become not only much less, but detached from the ribs, and moveable again. I remained in town all the autumn; but she again had an attack of inflammation of her chest, and I ever afterwards have visited her and not allowed her to come to my house.

"The present year 1848 arrived. She has had catarrh and a fit of asthma several times; and the fit of asthma was always removed by my laying my hand upon her chest over her clothes for ten minutes in her mesmeric state. The tumour continued to decrease and the tenderness to wear off, and the gland in the arm-pit disappeared.

"The cancerous mass is now completely dissipated; the breast is perfectly flat, and all the skin rather thicker and firmer than before the disease existed. Not the smallest lump is to be found, nor is there the slightest tenderness of the bosom or the arm-pit."

Such is an outline of this extraordinary case. We find appended the certificates of Drs. Ashburner and Engleue, Messrs. E. S. Symes, D. Hands, J. Powell, J. B. Browne, and Mr. Samuel Cooper, late professor of surgery in the University College, that the disease was cancer. We have the assurance of Dr. Elliotson that the only curative process resorted to was mesmerism; and knowing that no medical treatment hitherto adopted has been able to effect a cure in cancer, and that the *vis medicatrix nature* has never yet arrested the diseased action, we cannot resist the conclusion that in the present instance a case of cancer has been cured by mesmerism. We cannot say more to recommend the matter to the earnest consideration of the profession generally, and to all who have at heart the interests and the advancement of medical science in this country.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

GOSSIP OF THE LITERARY WORLD.

We heartily welcome Mr. Dickens's name in the list of announcements of new books. Boz is to give us another Christmas story,—*The Haunted Man and the Ghost's Bargain*. This rather smacks of old titles, but we need not fear for the originality and novelty of the contents. So rumour says.—Thackeray and young Angus Reach, and several other of the "rising men," have promised amusement and instruction for the long evenings.—The *Bien Public* announces that M. de Lamar-tine is preparing a new work, entitled *Histoire*

de la Révolution de 1848, et de la Fondation de la République.—The extensive establishment in Blair-street, Edinburgh, which, under the firm of "Sir David Hunter Blair and J. Bruce, printers to the King's most excellent Majesty, enjoyed for such a length of time the monopoly of printing the Bibles sold throughout Scotland, as well as the various Scottish Acts of Parliament and other public documents, has been finally broken up and dispersed. Formerly, when the concern was most flourishing, about one hundred persons were employed within the office, but for nearly two years there has been no printing done, two or three persons only being in attendance for the purpose of executing orders and gradually reducing stock; and on Monday and Tuesday week, the materials, stock of Bibles, stereotype plates, &c. were brought under the hammer of Mr. Peter Fraser, and "sold without reserve to the highest bidders."—As was anticipated by every one who had the slightest appreciation of military skill and successful gallantry, the special elevation of Lieut. Edwards to the local rank of major has been followed by a decoration of the Order of the Bath.—The Committee of the City of London Literary and Scientific Institution have offered two prizes of 10*l.* and 5*l.* respectively to the authors of the best essays "On the Characteristics and Advantages of Literary and Scientific Institutions, their Claims to the Support of Society, and the best Means of extending their Usefulness."—Mr. Grote, Dr. Southwood Smith, and Mr. James W. Gilbert, are to act as adjudicators.—

"An old Peninsular Captain," writing to the *Times*, complains that the officers who served in the Peninsular war have not yet received their medals. He feelingly says—"It may be a piece of absurd vanity in an old man of seventy-one to desire the possession of a war medal, but, nevertheless, I do confess myself guilty; and, more than that, I acknowledge my anxious desire to wear a medal whilst I possess health and activity, both of which are failing me fast. I am one of those officers who served in the Peninsular war, and I was present at four of those general actions for which medals are said to be intended to be granted; but, after much patience, my hopes and expectations are nearly worn out. So pray, sir, do be so kind as inform me (if you can) whether or not it is a hoax upon us that any medals are really to be given, and whether there is the least probability of a man of seventy-one years of age having the chance of wearing one of these medals, whilst sufficiently possessed of his faculties to enjoy the honour? Almost every week I have the mortification of seeing some one of my old comrades drop off who were entitled to these medals; and very lately a very highly-valued old friend, who had fully calculated upon receiving his medal, went the way of mortality without his decoration. This I now begin to think will also be my own fate; and I therefore take the liberty of asking the above question, that I may be prepared to resign myself to the issue.—At a lecture recently delivered at the Western Literary and Scientific Institution, Mr. Pepper introduced the apparatus recently contrived by Messrs. Stait and Petrie, for lighting public buildings by means of electricity. The difficulty of obtaining a permanent flame had been got over by a very ingenious application of charcoal, and the result was in every respect highly satisfactory. To test this, the theatre was illuminated by the apparatus, and the pure whiteness of the rays which were emitted from the lantern which enclosed the development of the electric jet was beautiful in the extreme; while the steadiness of the action was equally remarkable.—Considerable interest has been excited by the announcement of a new edition of *Pope* by Mr. Murray. It will be edited by Mr. John Wilson Croker. It is said to be Mr. Croker's design to avoid the diffuse prefaces and useless notes indulged in by all those who have preceded him in a similar task. But we may expect much useful explanatory matter—accounts of the persons, the circumstances, and the places to which *Pope* alludes, often somewhat dubiously.—At Maidstone a Natural History and Archaeological Museum has been established. The projectors aim at the collecting, naming, and

arranging the natural products of the county of Kent,—and the illustration and description of the archaeological relics of the same district.—Leicester Square is laying out 'as a bazaar in an oriental style, with four entrances from the four corners.—The new satellite, "Hyperion," was discovered by English and American astronomers on precisely the same day, the 19th of September last.

SALE OF RARE AUTOGRAPH LETTERS.—On Saturday a sale by auction of a very interesting collection of autograph letters was proceeded with by Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, the auctioneers, of Piccadilly. Amongst the letters there were no fewer than 140 in the autograph of William III. chiefly military despatches, addressed to Charles Henry de Lorraine, Prince of Vandmont. This interesting collection the auctioneer (Mr. Puttick) wished to dispose of in one lot, but there being an objection, the letters were sold as catalogued, and produced in the aggregate about 40*l.* The following autograph letters of illustrious personages were deserving of notice on account of their rarity: An autograph letter of the celebrated Duchess de la Vallière, bearing date January 28, 1693, and having reference to the entry of a young lady, in whom she took great interest, into the house of St. Cyr, sold for 2*l.* 4*s.*; a letter of the Duke of Marlborough, dated August 20, 1706, ordering the release of the Baron Pallavicini, sold for 1*l.* 15*s.*; James III. the old Pretender, or the Chevalier de St. George, an autograph letter to the Duke de Vendôme, congratulating him on his conduct in the affairs in Spain, dated St. Germain, Dec. 29, 1710, sold for 1*l.* 10*s.* Diane de Poitiers, mistress of Henry II. a letter to the Duke d'Anville on the marriage of M. de Vendôme. This extremely rare autograph letter sold for 4*l.* 6*s.*; Cardinal Bellarmine, librarian of the Vatican under Paul V. a rare autograph letter, addressed to the clergy of Avignon, sold for 1*l.* 18*s.*; an autograph letter of Theodore Beza, addressed to M. de Pomponne, a very rare autograph, sold for 1*l.* 13*s.*; a letter from Charles V. of France, called "Le Sage," authorising his brothers, Louis d'Anjou and Jean de Berri, to act against the King's enemies, and consisting of only two lines, sold for 1*l.* 8*s.*; Fenelon, Archbishop of Cambray, a scarce autograph, sold for 1*l.* 2*s.* The other autographs were also interesting, and sold well.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Agassiz and Gould's Principles of Zoology, 12mo. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Allison's (M. A.) First Lessons in English Grammar, 8th edit. 18mo. 9*d.*—Archbold's (J. F.) Statutes for Amendment of Criminal Law, 1*s.* swd.—Andersen's (Hans C.) Wonderful Stories for Children, square, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Ballou's (A.) Christian Non-Residence, 18mo. 1*s.* cl.—Bowman's (J. E.) Introduction to Practical Chemistry, fcap. 8vo. 6*s.* 6*d.*—Boggie's (J.) Observations on Hospital Gangrene, 8vo. 4*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Bromby's (C. H.) Pupil Teacher's English Grammar, 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Brocklesby's (J.) Elements of Meteorology, 12mo. 5*s.* cl.—Bryant's (E.) What I saw in California, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Butler's Analogy, with Introduction, by Bishop Wilson, 7th edit. 4*s.* cl.—Barnard's (G.) Drawing-Book for Trees, oblong 4to. 7*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Belgium, the Rhine, Italy, and Greece, Vol. I. 4to. 24*s.* cl.—Bentley's Cabinet Library, "Clockmaker," Third Series, square, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Bechamter (The) by J. F. Cooper, 2nd edit. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31*s.* 6*d.*—Bouvier (J. B.) On Indulgences, translated by F. Oakeley, 5*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Borrer's (D.) The Kabāiles of Algeria, post 8vo. 10*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Brennan's (J.) Composition and Punctuation, 6th edit. 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Burns's (J.) Christian Daily Portion, 5th edit. fcap. 8vo. 5*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Clockmaker; or, Sayings and Doings of Sam Slick, 1st Series, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Coleridge's (S. T.) Comprehensive Theory of Life, post 8vo. 4*s.* cl.—Consolation, edited by the Rev. C. E. Kennaway, 4th edit. fcap. 5*s.* cl.—Cesar's Commentaries (Epitome of), by E. Woodford, 18mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Chalmers's (Dr.) Posthumous Works, Scripture Readings, Vol. II. 10*s.* 6*d.*—Chambers's History of the French Revolution, Vol. II. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d.*—Cheever's (G. B.) Wanderings of a Pilgrim, new edit. 12mo. 1*s.* 6*d.*—Clement's (G.) Customs Guide for 1848-9, 12mo. 6*s.* cl.—Comic English Grammar, new edit. post 8vo. 2*s.* 6*d.* swd.—Davey's (J.) Prefix to Copper Ore Tables, 4to. 5*s.* cl.—Detailed Drawings of a Labourer's Cottage, 4to. 10*s.* 6*d.* cl.—Dickens's (C.) Old Curiosity Shop, new edit. post 8vo. 4*s.* cl.—Dicks on the Nature and Office of the State, 8vo. 7*s.* 6*d.* bds.—Drawing-room Scrap Book for 1849, 4to. 21*s.* cl. gilt.—

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